

A man in a plaid shirt and hat is holding a shotgun, standing in a field. Two dogs, a large brown one and a smaller golden one, are in the foreground. The background is a clear blue sky.

THE AMERICAN Legion

MAGAZINE NOV. 1947

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The Return of Mad Harry

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS
TO GOOD TASTE



America's Earliest Thanksgiving ...Was For Corn

With joyous chants and throbbing tom-toms, the Indians celebrated each bountiful harvest of maize. How the red man would marvel to see the part his native grain plays in the nutrition and industrial prosperity of modern America!

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HOW TO SELL BY DIRECT MAIL: What products can be sold? What are the steps in planning direct-mail selling? Here is expert guidance on: selecting lists; types of direct mail; self-question chart of direct advertising; testing direct mail; how to record results; how to get and build mailing lists; how to write sales letters.

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HOW TO CHECK CREDITS AND INCREASE COLLECTIONS: Sources of credit information; Dun & Bradstreet reports; special agency reports; credit interchange; salesmen, attorneys and banks as credit reporters; law relating to checks, notes, drafts or bills of exchange; how to write letters granting or refusing credit; how to write collection letters; collection reminders; form letters.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THOSE WHO OWE YOU MONEY: Collection of a claim by suit on the unpaid obligation; out-of-court agreements; assignment for benefit of creditors; equity receiverships; voluntary or involuntary petition in bankruptcy; corporate reorganizations; wage garnishment.

FINANCIAL STATEMENTS: Do you know how to read a balance sheet? The Handbook tells you the meaning of: current assets; fixed assets or fixed capital; tangible fixed assets; investments; deferred charges; current liabilities; fixed liabilities; deferred credits; contingent liabilities; reserves; capital stock; surplus.

BUSINESS INSURANCE: How to reduce the cost of ample insurance protection; law governing insurance policies; types of policies; fire, burglary, theft, robbery insurance; fidelity and surety bonds; credit insurance; miscellaneous coverages; business insurance; group insurance.

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CORPORATE MEETINGS, MINUTES AND RESOLUTIONS: Preparation for meetings; stockholders' meetings; directors' meetings and committee meetings; how to keep minutes of meetings; parliamentary procedure.

PARTNERSHIPS: What a partnership agreement should contain; division of profits and losses among partners; liability of a secret partner; power of a partner to borrow money, collect debts, employ assistants, purchase and sell property; liability of an incoming partner; changing to a corporation.

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THE AMERICAN

VOL. 43

NO. 5

Legion

MAGAZINE

NOV. 1947

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Coming Attraction

By Lawrence T. Gordon

Planes being ferried to fighting fronts would ordinarily take off at approximately 0600, fly until sunset, then land and remain overnight at one of the fields along the route. Often light cargo, such as mail, would be added to the plane at one of these stops. Before going to bed, the crews flying the planes would visit the base theatre, movies being about the only recreation and relaxation available. Naturally, the men flying the planes looked forward eagerly to the film fare for the evening.

On one trip to England I was navigator on a B-26. We took the South Atlantic route and made the usual stops at night. When we arrived in Natal, Brazil, the entire crew went to the outdoor theatre on the field and saw *Thousands Cheer*. The following night we reached Ascension Island and sat through *Thousands Cheer* again. Since it was an all-star variety film, we could enjoy it a second time. When we arrived at Roberts Field in Liberia the next day, we were a bit down-hearted to learn that here also *Thousands Cheer* was the feature for the evening. The following night, after learning that *Thousands Cheer* was the film at Eknes Field, Dakar, we began to think that Hollywood had closed down after making that one picture.

On our way to Marrakech the following day, our crew chief pushed some mail sacks away in order to get at his tool kit. Resting on top of his kit was a small box, the kind used to hold reels of film. After inspecting the label, our sergeant waved the box at the rest of us. "Hev gang!" he said. "No wonder we haven't seen anything but *Thousands Cheer*. We've been flying the film along the route."

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... **WORLD EVENTS** absorb him so much, yet he overlooks important *little* things. His hair's a sight! It's dull, unkempt and he's got loose dandruff, too . . . I'd better tell him right now about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic—it'll do him a world of good!"

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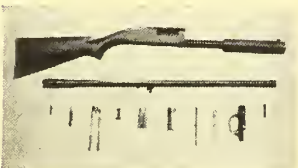
1. REMINGTON MODEL 31 PUMP-ACTION SHOTGUN



THE ACTION of the Remington Model 31 is unexcelled for fast, easy handling, because it has fewer moving parts than other pump guns.



STRAIGHT LINE FEED—no jamming. Carrier is hinged from top. Shell travels in a straight line, instead of being tipped up into the chamber.



ACTION can be taken down without tools. Instead of using screws, the parts are interlocked inside the receiver.

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2. REMINGTON SPORTSMAN* AUTO- LOADING SHOTGUN



LOADING IS EASY. There's a good wide bottom-loading slot. Plenty of room for loading even in cold weather when you have gloves on.

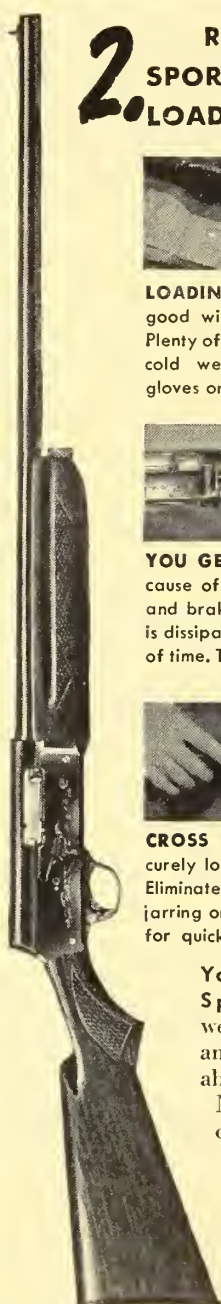


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CROSS BOLT TYPE SAFETY securely locks trigger into hammer. Eliminates possibility of safety jarring on from recoil. Convenient for quick handling.

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*Sportsman is Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

The Editors' Corner



PART OF THE job of setting up a color illustration is the matter of getting props to dress up the picture. Inevitably many readers write in asking about such props and if similar items can be purchased. To forestall such questions concerning this month's cover we volunteer the following information. The Irish setter and pup were loaned by Ken Green, a New York advertising man who raises them as a hobby. The setter is named Greenholm's Christmas Holly and the pup, unnamed, is hers, sired by Ch. Kinvarra Ensign. The shotgun, a Winchester, was supplied by Abercrombie and Fitch. To round out this informal shoppers' service we might point out that hunting equipment, guns, jackets, caps and boots can be obtained from your local sporting goods dealer or hardware store, or from L. L. Bean, Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward, etc. Incidentally the photographer was Henry Dravneek, who was responsible for last month's county-fair cover.

All's Well with Annabel

Russell Annabel lives 'way up in Alaska, and it's a toss-up whether he's better at writing or at guiding b'ar hunts and the like. At either he's a pro. We've seen a lot of his stories in outdoor magazines, in the "big slicks" and in our own pages. (For instance, *Meet Mr. Grizzly* in last January's issue.) In most of them there's been at least one good anecdote about the peculiar and nerve-wracking little tricks and bits of innocence practiced by the customers of the professional guide, the dudes, the city folks who pay the bills for hunt trips. Annabel was full of those stories. Well, last time he came to New York his agent led him on a merry round of visiting editors, and the pace was so hot and heavy that in nothing flat Annabel wished he were back in Alaska. Each editor wanted Rusty to cook up something new, startling, different, write it in a hurry and get it in.

By the time he got around to us, Annabel was nervous and tired; more anxious to tangle with a few grizzlies than with demands of ed-

itors. But he had spent the week cooking up novel twists on which to peg hunting and animal stories and was ready to do the same for us.

As he paced around our library table with his eyes closed, six original stories poured from his lips—and not a bad one in the lot. That's the mark of a true professional writer. We interrupted him at the start of the seventh.

"Right now," we told him, "we can't use one of your stories. But when we can, let's not trick something up. Just give us a whole article full of the jams your innocent dudes have gotten into."

Three months later we were in a jam ourselves for a good outdoor yarn for November. A wire went to Annabel: "LET US HAVE DUDE STORY. RUSH." In ten days it was in—I *Want To Be a Tenderfoot* on page 22. If we could do as well we'd quit editing and go to Alaska to hunt and write.

Smith? Never heard of it!

A few months ago, the magazine *True* published an item called *Mysterious Smith*. It's no mystery. That Smith is our own W.H.B., whom that article described as "perhaps the best informed weapons expert in the world."

Knowing the interest most ex-GIs have in firearms—an interest reflected in the arms industry's huge backlog of orders for rifles and shotguns—we start in this issue a new department, *Lining 'Em Up* (p. 19), written by this member of the Smith clan. It's a feature we've had in mind for a long time, but paper was hard to come by and Mr. Smith was busy. The break finally came and we feel sure our readers will agree it was just that.

A native of Massachusetts, Smith worked for Armstrong Vickers in England and then became an arms investigator for the League of Nations. He was formerly a foreign-weapons consultant for the National Rifle Association and serves as an adviser to police and government agencies.

Smith's *Basic Manual of Military Small Arms* has sold more than 300,000 copies, a record. Among his other works are the official N.R.A. encyclopedia on pistols and revolvers, and histories of the Mauser, Mannlicher and Walther. If you read *Blueprint for World War III* last month, you got a good sampling of this expert's shootin' iron savvy.

What Does Make Your Job?

Norman Beasley, whose *What Makes Your Job* appears on page 11, is no amateur at telling what makes American business tick. Beasley has authored a large output of books dealing with big industry, and he has recently added another, *Knudsen*, a biography of the production general based on a long-time friendship and a wide knowledge of the auto industry.

Pay the Piper

Don Whitehead's *Soldiers Don't Sing War Songs*, which we carried in our August issue, was illustrated with covers of three World War One songs still being sung all over America. Through inadvertence the credit line acknowledging the co-operation of the respective copyright owners was omitted. We are glad to acknowledge the permission to reproduce these songs granted by the following: For *Over There*, Leon Feist, Inc.; for *There's a Long, Long Trail*, M. Witmark & Sons; for *Smile, Smile, Smile*, Chappell & Co., Inc.

It's always fair weather when you've got P.A.*



P.A.* means **Pipe Appeal**
Women say a man with a pipe looks more rugged, more appealing. Pipe smokers say there's no tobacco like tasty, tongue-easy Prince Albert!

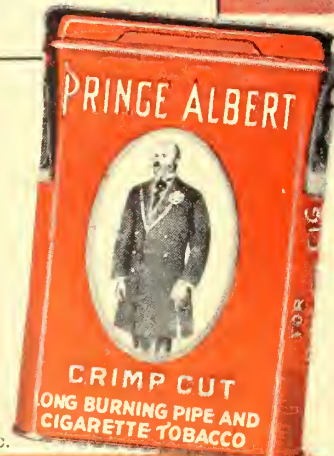
P.A.* means **Prince Albert**

● And what a lot of smoking joy and comfort Prince Albert Tobacco provides! P.A. is so rich tasting...so mild and easy on the tongue. It's specially treated to insure against tongue bite! Try it—and see for yourself why more pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco!



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CIGARETTES TOO! ROLLS
UP FAST—AND NEAT

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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KAYWOODIE REMEMBERS WHEN



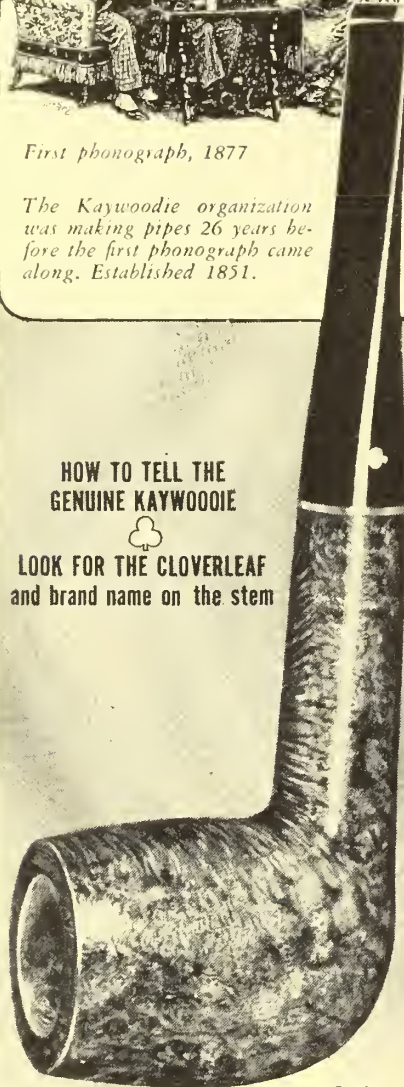
First phonograph, 1877

The Kaywoodie organization was making pipes 26 years before the first phonograph came along. Established 1851.

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LOOK FOR THE CLOVERLEAF and brand name on the stem



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*Six recent surveys confirm this.

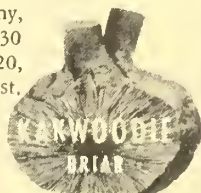
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Previews of Products, Inventions, Ideas

Here are the things being developed by manufacturers, inventors and scientists for better living now, next month or a year or more from now.



SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS. When Junior accompanies Dad to the Legion rifle range he'll be all set to give the old gent some real competition if he shoots with a rifle newly developed by the Remington Arms Company. It's the 521TL "Junior Special," a .22 caliber bolt action weapon in which the finest features of a match rifle are scaled down to boy's size. Among these features are a micrometer rear sight with quarter-minute click adjustments for windage and elevation, special match target stock, adjustable front sling swivel, and detachable box magazine which gives the rifle a capacity of seven shots. In other words, it's a rifle just like Dad's but built to fit the teen-age marksman. Junior is likely to outshoot the old man this winter.

BINGE FROM CONTENTED COWS. Soon you may be able to stay on a milk diet and still get a rosy glow. The Department of Agriculture has perfected an inexpensive method of making alcohol out of milk. It is made by the fermentation of the lactose, or milk sugar, in whey. Department officials say that the waste whey from cheese factories, which is usually discarded, now can be used to ferment alcohol. A yeast known as torula cremoris which is added to the whey does the job in 55 hours.

WALLS WITHOUT BULK. Of special interest to future home-builders is a new metal-clad insulated wall section recently announced by the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation. Each wall section, 52 inches square and 3½ inches thick, weighs less than 200 pounds. As compared with this, a conventional wall of brick or brick and tile would weigh from seven to twelve times as much. Insulating properties of the wall are said to be far superior to those of masonry, and it permits many economies in construction.



THIRSTY ASBESTOS. An unusual new use for asbestos has been discovered. Textile experts, testing asbestos fabric for fireproof ironing board covers, learned that the mineral had excellent water absorption and polishing properties. So it won't be long until you'll be able to buy dishtowels containing 20 percent asbestos and 80 percent cotton. The toweling, known as Carosel, is a product of the United States Rubber Company. Despite the asbestos content, however, the new towels won't be fireproof.



COMING TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER? Television and the motion picture industry are drawing closer together. Recently, the Radio Corporation of America and Warner Bros. signed a contract for a joint program of research on large-screen television. Under the terms of this contract, new RCA equipment is already in experimental use at the Warners' Burbank Studio. Don't be surprised at what comes out of this deal. More than six years ago large-scale television pictures were shown on the screen of the New Yorker Theatre, and television has made tremendous technical progress since then.

PAUSE THAT REFRESHES, AND CHANGE. Someone has at last solved the thirsty man's greatest problem: getting a coke from an automatic dispenser when he hasn't got the right change. This public benefactor is the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, which has developed a changemaker that hooks up with a coke dispenser. Stick in a dime and you get a nickel back along with your drink. Insert a quarter and you get four nickels plus the coke. It can't go wrong, they say, unless the machine runs out of nickels. In that case a "Use Nickles Only" lamp flashes on, to warn you. The dispenser has another light, too, a Sterilamp, which is said to kill any bacteria that might find their way into the drink dispensing chamber.



CONCENTRATED TRANSPORTATION. In Chicago, a folding motor scooter has been unveiled. Weighing only 72 pounds, it can be folded up and parked behind the refrigerator. Called the "airscoot," and originally designed for the plane owner who needs transportation between home and plane, it will roll along at 25 miles an hour and will do 30 to 40 miles on a third of a gallon of gas. The builders say it will carry three adults and a child comfortably. It is expected to sell for around \$300.



STICK-UP SUBTERFUGE. Men who dislike combing their hair in public but whose hair tend to become unruly will offer a vote of thanks to E. P. Randall, of Los Angeles. He's invented a short flat comb that has a short grip portion with grooves at the sides. It can be concealed in the palm of the hand and a man can use it to comb his hair while giving the appearance of merely straightening it.

HOLD-UP STUFF. In case you're the kind of guy who likes the effect that suspenders give but feel they are not sophisticated, you may be interested in knowing that "invisible" suspenders have been invented. Thought up by Marvin S. Berry, of Fayetteville, Ark., they are worn under the shirt. The straps carry spacers made of semi-rigid material which hold the shirt slightly away from the body so as to provide ventilation. When the ends of the suspender tabs are secured to the trouser buttons (provided for that purpose) portions of the shirt overlying the buttons are gripped between the buttons and the tabs.

NO-BUMP FUZE. The principle of the proximity fuze, which made our anti-aircraft fire so effective during the war, is being employed in an unusual way at the General Electric Research Laboratory. It's being used in a warning system, to keep people from getting bumped into. As a person walks along a corridor his motion is detected by a microwave unit which operates red and green lights visible to others. When the lights are on it's a good idea not to go charging out into the corridor.



BUT IT CAN'T FLY. Vets who had a taste of amphibious goings-on will be interested to know that a combination cruiser-sailboat-house-trailer has been invented. It comprises a light, strong, hollow metal hull, is watertight and, according to its builders, Ira Milton Jones, of Milwaukee, is easily converted from boat to trailer. Pockets in ballast compartment receive retractable trailer wheels. By manipulation of anchor-lifting winch, when cable is laid out and anchor fastened on shore the boat may be pulled from water. Jones states that the price will be within the range of the average auto owner.

J.C.K.



...SEND FOR FREE CATALOG!...

New 1948 catalog in 4 colors, shows Bauer complete line of down garments, sleeping robes, camping equipment, comforters, pillows, etc. Use coupon below!



Right Dress for outdoor comfort

50

SKYLINER MODEL JACKET.

Insulated with finest Arctic waterfowl down, the Skyliner is thoroughly warm at 40° to 50° below, yet weighs only 24 ounces! Action-free styling, zipper front, pure wool knit cuffs, sleeves quilted throughout. Satin lining, durable water-repellent outer fabric. Colors: Dead Grass, Scarlet, Smoke. Sizes: 36-48.

No. 50 Tailored collar (shown)\$33
No. 40 Knit collar.....\$33

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DOWN TROUSERS.

Weather-insulated with finest down from prime Arctic waterfowl, styled for durability and freedom of action. Roomy side and hip pockets, zipper fly front, double seat. Sturdy, high-count Poplin outer fabric. Color: Dead Grass. Sizes: 32-42 waist, 32 length.....\$35

SEND ITEMS CHECKED BELOW

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☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay charges.

No.	Item	Color	Size
<input type="checkbox"/> 50	SKYLINER		
<input type="checkbox"/> 40	SKYLINER		
<input type="checkbox"/> 140	TROUSERS	Waist.....	Length.....

Money Back Guarantee
Transportation paid—U.S. or Alaska

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From where I sit *by Joe Marsh*

A Definition of Our Town

Somebody defined our town just the other day as "A place where the people talk about you behind your back, and come right away to wait on you when you're sick."

I've got to admit there's something to it. A lot of our folks are inclined to be pretty outspoken and quick to criticize . . . even about the little unimportant things, like a woman's hat, or a man's preference for a moderate glass of beer, or the color of Cy Hartman's new barn.

But when anyone's in trouble, those differences and points of criticism are quickly forgotten . . . and folks become neighborly, friendly and helpful, like they really are.

From where I sit, criticism never did much harm to anybody, so long as folks don't let it guide their actions . . . so long as they respect our individual preferences, whether they apply to hats or beer. That's the way it is in our town, anyway, and I hope that it's the same in yours.

Joe Marsh



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address: Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Cheer That Buddy in Bed

I belong to Noe Valley Post of San Francisco and for a small post our record is something to be proud of. We have the highest record in the Department as concerns interest in Rehabilitation. Every first and third Wednesday of each month, the hospital visiting committee gathers together a lot of books, magazine, cigarettes, playing cards and games and distributes these items among the patients of Fort Miley Veterans Hospital in San Francisco.

This has become a hobby with us and I think it might be of interest to all Legion posts throughout the nation. There is no doubt in my mind that other posts are doing the same thing, for Rehabilitation is important today. . . . The greatest of all battles are fought in Veterans and service Hospitals. Vets lying in sick beds appreciate the work being done. . . . So, comrades, don't overlook those sick buddies that await your visit.

HARVEY WOODWORTH
San Francisco, Calif.

Use Your Pressure

Hap Arnold's article, "U. S. Air Power, Limited" (August), was the most enlightening I've seen in a good long time. If the public knew more about our "once mighty air armadas," maybe pressure could be put on the right place to avoid a catastrophe worse than Pearl Harbor. . . . Here's to a bigger and better Air Force!

HENRY COUNSOLLE
Minneapolis, Minn.

Best way for each thinking reader to apply pressure is to write a personal letter to his Representative or Senator. THE EDITORS

Strong Language

I want to thank you for the true facts about WAA in your article *Billion Dollar Bargains* (September). All of us who have attended these sales know that you wrote the truth. I think Mr. Woodbury deserves credit due him for his survey and article about army-dominated WAA. . . .

We had an example of some of the stupidity no later than today (August 26) right here in Dallas. At the North American Aircraft plant they had about 100 vehicles displayed for a fixed price sale. Local newspapers played the story up big and about 12,000 turned out to buy. The local newspapers do not publish both sides of the story. They are not for veterans getting a square deal. They are for the big interests. . . . The WAA is dominated by

ex-army officers. We had to put up with these stupid army officers in the army but we didn't think the taxpayers would keep them on the payroll after the war was over. They better hurry and pass the Universal Military Training Bill so they will have someplace to go because they couldn't hold an honest civilian job.

CHARLES ROOK
Senior Vice Commander
Disabled American Veterans
Dallas, Texas

More Strong Language

There were some items in your September *Sound Off* that I think are quite unfair to the male sex. Katherine Snaw writes that the women put such emphasis on males in uniform that a guy in civvies thinks he still has the same glamor. Well, if that's so, I pity the poor guy. Women on the Coast think that the guy in uniform is someone they shouldn't be seen with—but during the war they didn't seem to mind. Another female says men are trying to play hard to get. Well, baby, I can show you a couple thousand here in Long Beach that would give a right arm for a date with a beautiful girl; some will settle for a dame from eight to eighty.

A Miss Helen Cohen writes that this is a new era where a girl has a mind of her own—also, that they can get along without the opposite sex. Well, Miss Cohen, if women have a mind of their own, there are few that use them. Also I think that women, and not men, are too big for their panties. There are more women than men. Women control 50% of the industry in the U.S. So look out, fellows—our next president will be Andy Russell and each town will have a million dollar powder room. . . . I might add that I'm from Georgia and there's hardly a man that doesn't try to be a gentleman when a lady is around. Down south we men think that a *Lady* is the world's most precious possession. So, girls, why don't you keep it that way instead of trying to make the world your most precious possession?

CHARLES SCHELL
U.S. Abnaki (ATF-96)
FPO, San Francisco, Cal.

Uncle Sammy Claus

Allow me to express my personal gratification to the national leadership of our American Legion for their forthright opposition to the ill-advised Stratton Bill. This bill, authorizing immigration of 400,000 Europeans in four years, will only agitate an already grievous housing situation and add impetus to unemployment problems in the United States.

I am sincere in my conviction that there is a more logical and efficient approach to the solution of the DP problem than the mass exodus of those unfortunates to the shores of the U.S.A. It would be far better for all concerned if we concentrated our efforts on assisting these people to reestablish themselves within their own environments and among their own people . . .

I also feel that America's part as "World Santa Claus" has been overplayed in Europe. Must we perennially sacrifice millions of our youth for the purpose of rebuilding Europe and setting the stage for a subsequent world slaughter?

RALPH GRUEBMEYER
Jacob, Illinois

Thousands-
Appear Slimmer...
feel better...look younger with
"COMMANDER"!

...**"The Amazing NEW
Abdominal Supporter"**

Yes, INSTANTLY, you, too, can begin to feel ALIVE . . . ON TOP OF THE WORLD by joining the Parade of Men who are marching up the highway of happier living with the COMMANDER, the amazing new Men's Abdominal Supporter.

GET "IN SHAPE" INSTANTLY—ENJOY
A HAPPY STREAMLINED APPEARANCE

The COMMANDER presents new exclusively designed "INTERLOCKING HANDS" principle for extra support where you need it most. It flattens burdensome sagging "corporation" and restores zestful invigorating feeling that comes with firm "bay window" control.

BREATHE EASIER—TAKE WEIGHT OFF TIRED FEET
EXTRA SUPPORTING power of COMMANDER firmly supports abdominal sag. The very instant you pull on the belt you breathe easier . . . your wind is longer . . . you feel better!

YOUR BACK IS BRACED—CLOTHES
FIT BETTER—YOU APPEAR TALLER

The COMMANDER braces your figure . . . you look and feel slimmer . . . your clothes fit you better. Your friends will notice improvement in your appearance immediately.

COMMANDER IS NEW AND MODERN

Absence of gaudy steel ribs, dangling buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. COMMANDER has real man's athletic type completely detachable pouch. Takes just a moment to detach for washing or replacing with another. Gives genuine male protection. Try this amazing new belt at our risk. SEND FOR IT NOW! Just mail coupon
Ward Green Co., 113 W. 57 St.,
New York 19, N. Y.



BEFORE AFTER

**COMMANDER WEARERS
ALL OVER AMERICA SAY**

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this support" for ten times what it costs." — Dr. C. G. S., Illinois

"I must write and tell you how well pleased I am with your supporter. It is giving me so much comfort." — H. A. Z., Bethlehem, Pa.

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had." Dr. A. M. S., Mich.

"MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF"

... and discover

**THE SECRET OF THE
INTERLOCKING HANDS**



Clasp hands over abdomen, as pictured, then raise and press gently against it. Notice how much better you feel! Only COMMANDER contains the new principle, the interlocking hands for firm support, a porous non-stretch material is built into the special stretchy body of COMMANDER, designed in the outline of two interlocking hands for EXTRA DOUBLE Support where needed most. No Buckles, Laces or Straps.

FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

If it fails to do all we say send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

WARD GREEN CO., DEPT. T9411
113 WEST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days' trial. I will pay postman special price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist is.....My height is.....

Name.....

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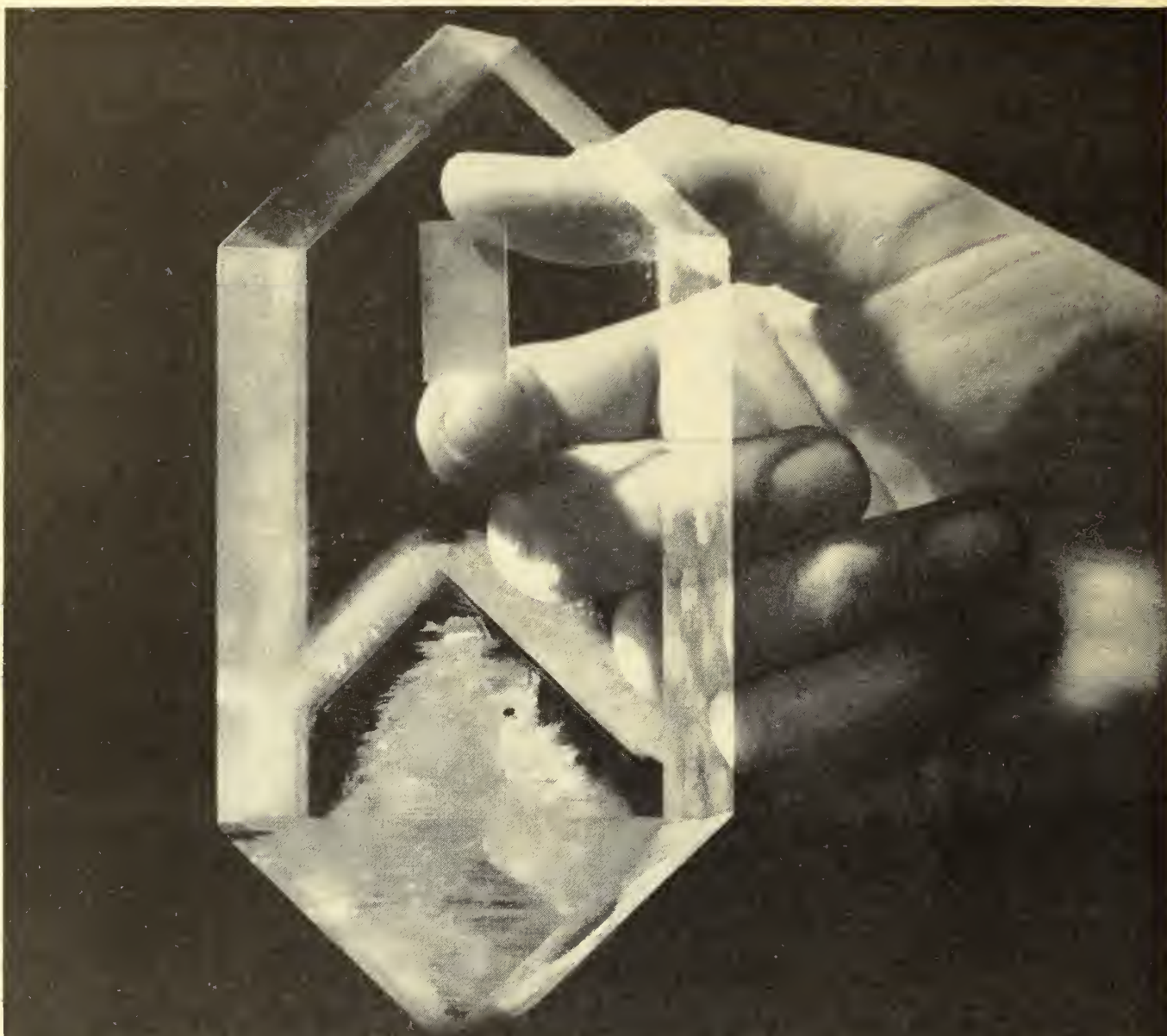
City..... Zone..... State.....

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.

ONLY

\$2.98
Sizes
28 to 47

Special Large
Sizes 48 to 60
\$3.98



CRYSTALS THAT GROW FROM A SEED . . . The large crystal is an EDT (*Ethylene Diamine Tartrate*) Crystal. It is started from seed (a piece of the mother crystal) and revolved continuously in a solution. In three months it grows to the size shown. . . . Thousands and thousands of small plates, cut from the large crystals—then gold-plated and mounted in glass bulbs—are used in filters in Long Distance circuits. . . . By sorting out each telephone conversation from the others, they enable 480 conversations to go over one coaxial circuit at one time.

Crystals for Conversations

Many more Long Distance telephone coaxial circuits, in urgent demand, can be built next year because of Bell Laboratories research and development on synthetic crystals.

Plates of quartz are ordinarily used in the electric wave filters of these circuits.

But the demand has increased—the price has gone up—there will not be enough natural quartz available to build all the filters needed next year. The shortage is serious.

A long time ago, Bell Telephone Laboratories foresaw a shortage in

quartz; hoped to find something even better. They devoted years of study to the physics and chemistry of synthetic crystals. They now have one that can replace quartz in telephone filters. Western Electric is now growing these crystals in the factory.

Here again Bell Telephone Laboratories' idea of making things better at lower cost helps to give you the best and most economical telephone service in the world.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



What Makes Your Job

The reasons our American private-enterprise system provides "the good things of life" at a rate matched nowhere else in the world



Workers own these cars outside an automobile plant, a sight you won't find in any country overseas

By NORMAN BEASLEY

PHOTOS BY CAREW-CALDWELL

ONE DAY shortly after he came out of the Army, where he had been a Lieutenant General in charge of production, William S. Knudsen was reminiscing on his boyhood in Denmark, his early days in the United States, the twenty-odd dollars he had in his pocket when he got off the boat and of his first job as a janitor in a New York apartment building at \$15 a month, plus room and board.

"And your last job before going to Washington was that of President of General Motors Corporation at \$300,000 a year," I reminded him.

"Salary \$150,000; bonus \$150,000,"

corrected Mr. Knudsen, his tone amiable.

"What's the answer?"

"Answer?" he repeated in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, the answer. Here you were, an immigrant—"

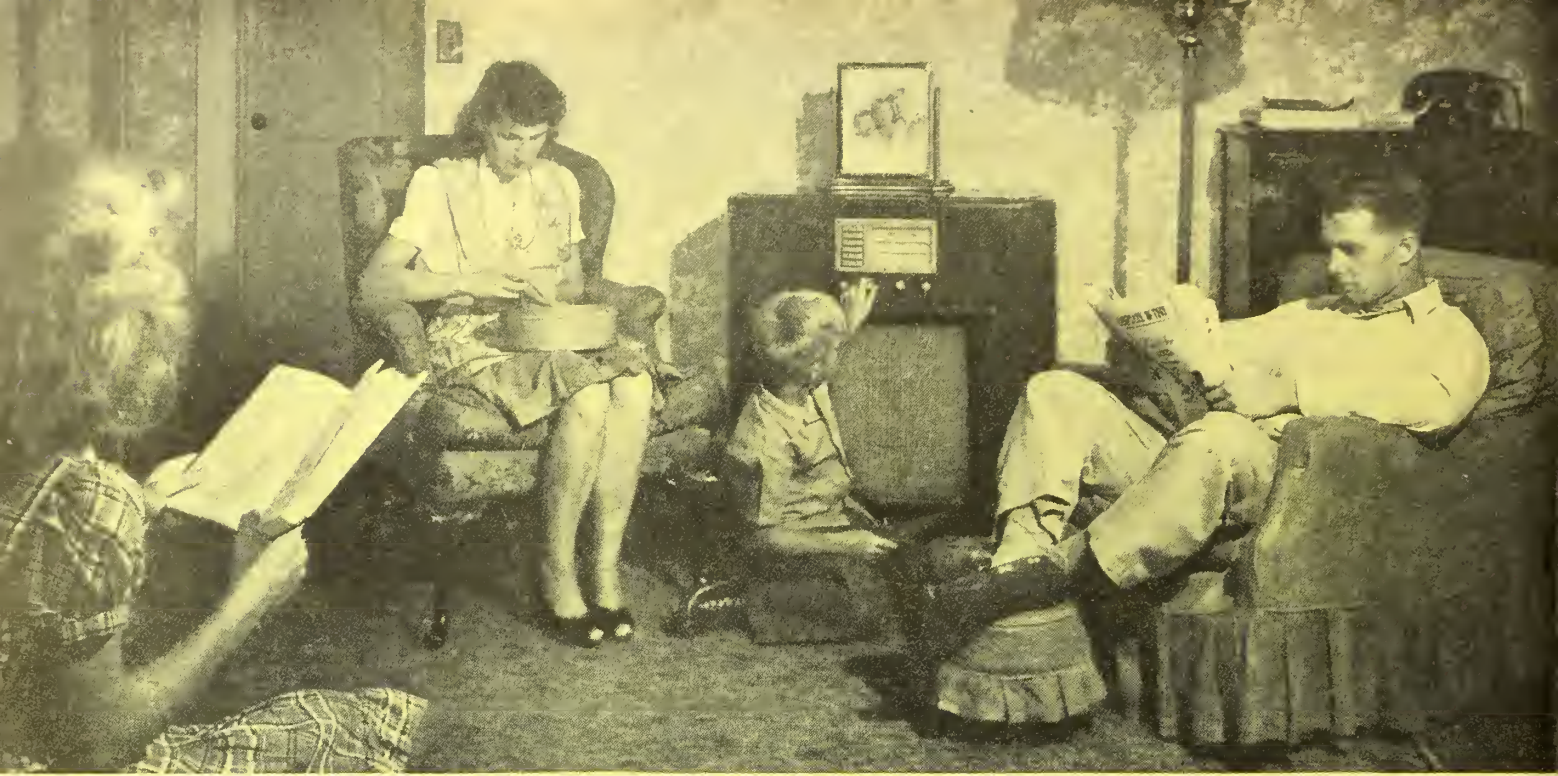
"I see what you mean," he interrupted,

smiling. "The answer is, I never thought of myself as being anything but an American. All the rest is incidental."

I have thought of Mr. Knudsen's answer a good many times. I thought of it when the Editor of The American Legion Monthly asked me to write on the



Abroad, workers walk or pedal to their jobs



The average American home is proof that in the free enterprise system we have a practical "share the wealth" plan

subject that is getting so much attention these days—that subject known as ‘continuity of employment’; or, in plain English, a steady job.

I thought of Mr. Knudsen’s answer because for quite some time now channels of information on this subject have been clogged by the voices of those whose soft, white fingers never touched even the rim of our economy.

It does not seem to me there is much use talking about ‘continuity of employment’ unless we first see what it is that makes for employment.

The word employment means work. Work means a job. A job is the result of the efforts of not one, but two people—the one who provides the job and the one who fills it.

In other words, before there can be a job someone, the person himself, or some other person, or persons, has to save the money to buy the tools with which to work. In the automobile industry approximately \$10,000 has to be invested in order to furnish *one* job. In the railroad industry the investment behind each job probably runs as high as \$13,000. So it goes all through business, whether it is a grocery store, a barber shop, a garage or a dentist’s office. Somebody has to make an investment before somebody else can have a job.

This is a fundamental generally overlooked by the soft, white-fingered lads.

That also is true of Government.

A few months ago I was at dinner

with a small group of people. The conversation finally centered, as conversations nowadays often do, on the mess the world seems to be in. And, perhaps it is. But anyway, one of the guests, a newspaper woman whose opinions are by-lined in a paper of large circulation, expressed the opinion that the real cause of most of our troubles in this country was the wide gulf that separated the rich from the poor.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Just what I. say,” she answered. “Some sixty families control ninety percent of all the wealth in this country. Take the Ford family as a case in point. Henry Ford died a few days ago, leaving an estate of—a billion dollars!”

“In money?”

“Of course not. I mean that was the reported size of his estate. But, he did leave several hundred millions of dollars in money. That is too much money for any one man, or any one man’s family to have. He should have paid out more to the people who worked for him. All he ever did was to figure out a way to make a low-priced automobile. The making of it was done by the people on his payroll. Every pay day he should have shared his profits with them.”

I pointed out to the woman that, from the beginning, Ford had paid his people more and provided better working conditions than had other manufacturers. “Remember,” I said, “he established a five-dollar-a-day minimum wage back in

1914 when the minimum wage in the automobile industry was about two dollars a day.”

“That doesn’t change it,” she insisted. “He should have shared to a far greater extent. He should have made it ten dollars a day. That still would have left him plenty in dividends for himself.”

No sixty families control the wealth of the United States. To arrive at an idea of the diffusion of wealth in this country one has but to recall its six million, or thereabouts, farms, mostly owned by the people who live on them. The twenty-five million homes occupied mostly by the people who own them. The twenty-five million automobiles owned mostly by the people who drive them: the 51,000,000 individual life insurance policies, the 93,000,000 individual bank accounts, the more than 2,000,000 small businesses operated mostly by the people who own them.

On top of all these things there are roughly \$90,000,000,000 in Government securities in the savings accounts of people whose individual incomes are \$5,000 a year, and less, to say nothing of the 12,000,000 individual shareholders in American business. All this is property owned by millions of individual American families.

So, enough for that silly argument excepting to say these individual investments have their very real relationships to jobs.

Now, let’s look at the Ford fortune.

Call it a billion dollars. It may be less. It may be more. It makes no particular difference.

In the first place most of the fortune is in land, buildings and tools. The cash, whatever it amounts to, has the same relationship to the whole operation of the company that a pile of coal does to the specific operation of a company furnace. The coal fires the furnace; the money fires the entire operation.

When the Ford Motor Company started in business in 1903 it employed less than 30 people. In cash, it had \$26,000. It occupied a small frame building. Its production schedule called for the making of four cars a week.

Supposing, as the woman suggested, Henry Ford had called together his employees every week and divided the week's profits among them. That would have left nothing for experiment, for equipment, for improvement and for growth. Nothing would have been left for those things; and because nothing would have been left it is certain that within a very short time nothing would have been left of the Ford Motor Company.

Instead, today the Ford Motor Company gives jobs directly to 125,000 people and indirectly to 200,000 other people employed in outside companies. So far as wages are concerned they have increased about 500 percent in the intervening years. In addition, the Ford company and the companies supplying it pay in taxes probably \$700,000,000 a year.

As for dividends, had they been turned over to the employees through the years of the company's history the pay check of each employee would have been increased—by less than five cents an hour!

Which is the better way?

A leveling-off process, giving jobs to less than 30 people (granting the company remained in business) or a multiplication process that brought jobs to 125,000 people directly, and 200,000 people indirectly.

As the Ford Motor Company was built, so were thousands and tens of thousands of businesses built in this country. The J. C. Penney Company was another. Starting in 1902 with one store in Kemmerer, Wyoming, Penney expanded out of profits into more than 1,600 stores. Instead of one or two clerks, employment is given directly to 65,000 people and indirectly to 100,000 more people.

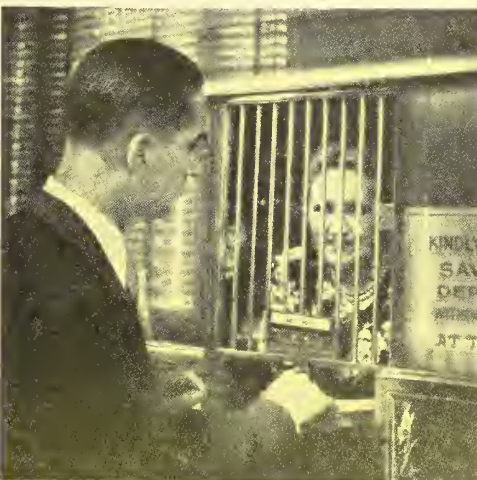
Wherever expansion has come—and expansion is (*Continued on page 40*)



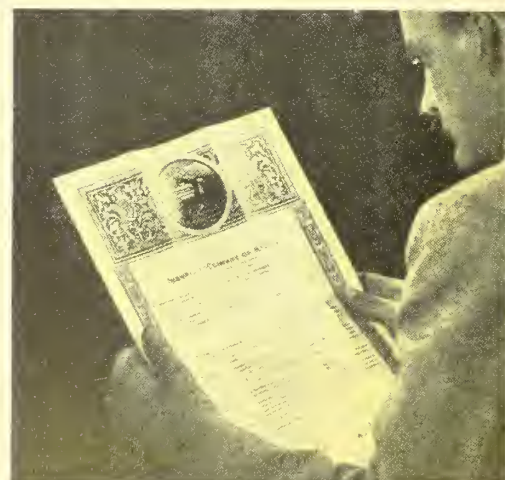
A "Small business man." There are 2,000,000 of him in the U.S.A.



One of the 6,000,000 farmers who own and work their farms



We have 93,000,000 individual bank accounts



51,000,000 life insurance policies

Here he was, badly wounded
on his first mission, and the Superfort
six hours from its base



A Guy Called Kelly

By CHARLES S. PEDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL REMUS

HE REPORTED TO ME as a replacement because our regular bombardier was grounded with a touch of dengue fever. The kid was immaculate, his new B-4 bag and freshly creased chinos shrieked fresh meat from a spit-and-polish stateside post.

"Lieutenant Kelly, L. A., reporting, sir," he said, hitting a brace and flipping me a snappy salute.

"Cut the chicken," I growled, waving him to a cot. "You might become a disturbing element in this rat's nest." He looked down the disordered length of our quarters with its pile of flight gear, magazines and pin-ups, and grinned.

"They told me you guys threw away the book. Glad to be with you."

If it was meant to be blarney, it worked. I found myself liking the guy right off.

He knew his poop, and when we rode out to the field I knew he belonged from the way he took over. *Bad Girl*, our ship, was being preflighted by Bo Seaman, our crew chief; and Kelly dropped off the tailboard of the weapons carrier to stand entranced as the big Superfort strained and quivered under the terrific tug of its four typhooning props. Here

was sheer, unashamed pride. The instant Bo cut the switches, Kelly was in under the bomb-bays to check his load. This completed, he introduced himself to the rest of the crew, and gabbed about this and that until takeoff.

"See you after this clambake," I shouted, waving a hand as I hustled aft to my ladder. "We'll hold a post mortem over some good java and cigarettes."

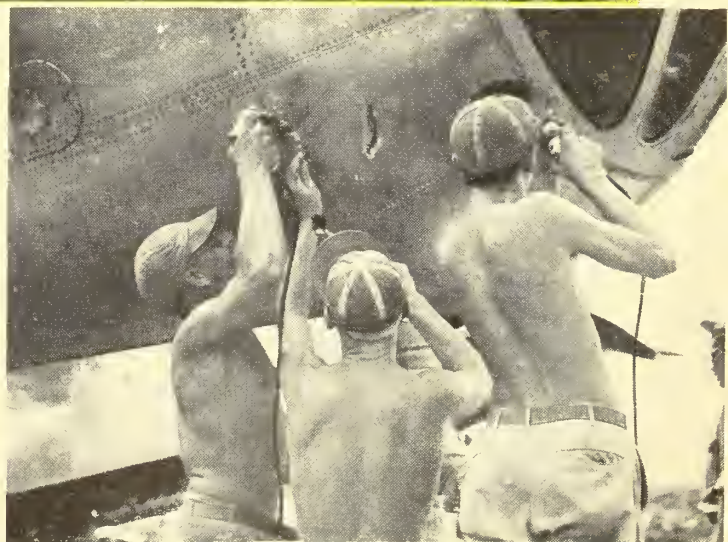
I was referring to our habit of gathering in the nose of *Bad Brew* to swap stories after the strike.

Target was Tokyo, takeoff was routine and when airborne I eased myself down to the radar compartment for a chat with Joey Locantore, our electronics whiz. He leaned forward to adjust his scope, then spoke. "Hope this new guy delivers the goods to-night." Joey viewed all newcomers with (Continued on page 43)

This story about Lt. Kelly is dedicated to the memory of Col. Byron Brugge, who was the right-hand man of Brig. Gen. Emmet O'Donnell, Jr., in planning the original B-29 strikes from Saipan by the 73rd Wing Hq., 21st Bomber Command, 20th Air Force. Col. Brugge never asked a man to do anything he wouldn't tackle himself—the true mark of a good leader. He was shot down over Tokyo on the second strike mission, November 26, 1944.



The author, left, with Col. Brugge and Brig. Gen. O'Donnell



The bullet that ripped this hole in the B-29 killed Kelly

Miniature Speed Kings

Rugged, toy-sized racing autos make a new man-sized sport



A group of miniature racing fans tune up their precision-built tiny autos that hit speeds above 100 miles an hour



In meets, rail cars are preferred over the faster cable cars, since several rail cars can race at one time

By DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

THESE GROWLING little driverless cars, miniature racers that are as substantial for their purpose as your big stock models, and much more expensive pound for pound, have real engines that run on a thimbleful of fuel. They commonly hit speeds above 100 miles per hour on their specially designed tracks, flashing by so fast it makes your head spin to watch them.

Miniature car racing is no kid stuff. A mistake can throw a model off balance and cause a nasty crack-up at better than two miles a minute. For instance one little racer was roaring around the track at 110 mph, approaching a new world record, when a sliver of rubber flew off a tire because of the unbalancing effect of an improperly cast wheel disc. The next instant the toy-sized auto leaped

forty feet in the air, cleared the track rail, slammed into a telephone pole. The motor, with a cracked cylinder head, was all that could be salvaged.

In another instance a contestant got careless when he placed his roaring racer in the track. A piece of tire chipped off, struck him in the head and knocked him unconscious. One other time a little car of the guide-cable type broke loose from the controlling cable, cut cleanly through a wire fence and whined on for a block before it finally smashed to pieces against a curb.

Plenty of hobbyists have taken miniature car racing to heart. Modelcraft dealers say that the miniature cars and parts business will gross over ten million dollars for 1947. And no wonder! What other pint-sized craftsmanship turns

out a product so conducive to thrilling performance and competition? To date there are over 15,000 members of the American Miniature Car Racing Association. This craze is in the modelcraft realm and is not to be confused with "midget" auto racing, which involves small autos big enough to hold a driver.

Not even a Singer midget could sit in one of the miniature cockpits, so two kinds of special control methods have been developed. Rail cars (illustrated above) have small, ball bearing studs attached to an axle, clamping the car to a monorail which guides it around at whirlwind speeds. Cable cars are attached to a long wire which is anchored to a sprocket in the center of the circular speedway. The rail car record is 79.92 mph. For cable cars the record is 116.13 mph! Already builders are working on jet propulsion and a record above 200 mph is expected soon.

One model, with over 10,000 parts, costs close to \$1,000. On the other hand you can get a knock-down outfit, minus motor, from almost any model shop for \$35, and you can get a motor (spark-plugs about the thickness of a pencil-lead) for \$35 to \$50. The chassis is a magnesium casting, so light it almost floats when dropped. Wheel discs, the size of a milk-bottle cap, are cast from aluminum. Hobbyists usually preserve in miniature even the decorative characteristics of big cars—grilled radiators, leather-upholstered cockpits, etc. Precision workmanship sometimes comes to 1/10,000 inch tolerance. A few ounces of an alcohol-castor oil mix will run a car for about an hour. There's a fine cypress track in Chicago. Others are in Detroit, Indianapolis, Los Angeles.



"Scoop" of the season

It would be a lucky cranberry-picker who scooped-up a cool, sparkling bottle of Blatz Beer . . . because Blatz, like bush-ripened cranberries, has been mellowed to the very peak of flavor. Brewed *only in Milwaukee* for 96 years, Blatz is Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer. If you can't get Blatz now, please be patient. We're growing as fast as good building and good brewing will let us . . . to bring Blatz to your neighborhood soon.

Milwaukee's first... America's finest... Bottled beer

©1947, Blatz Brewing Co., Established 1851 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin





"Say! This will be a bountiful feast!"

You'll notice at many a pleasant gathering Calvert's the choice of the wise. Reason: Calvert is *light* whiskey...polite to the palate...

perfection itself in its richly mellow flavor. Taste it once and you'll be *another* who's switched to Calvert!

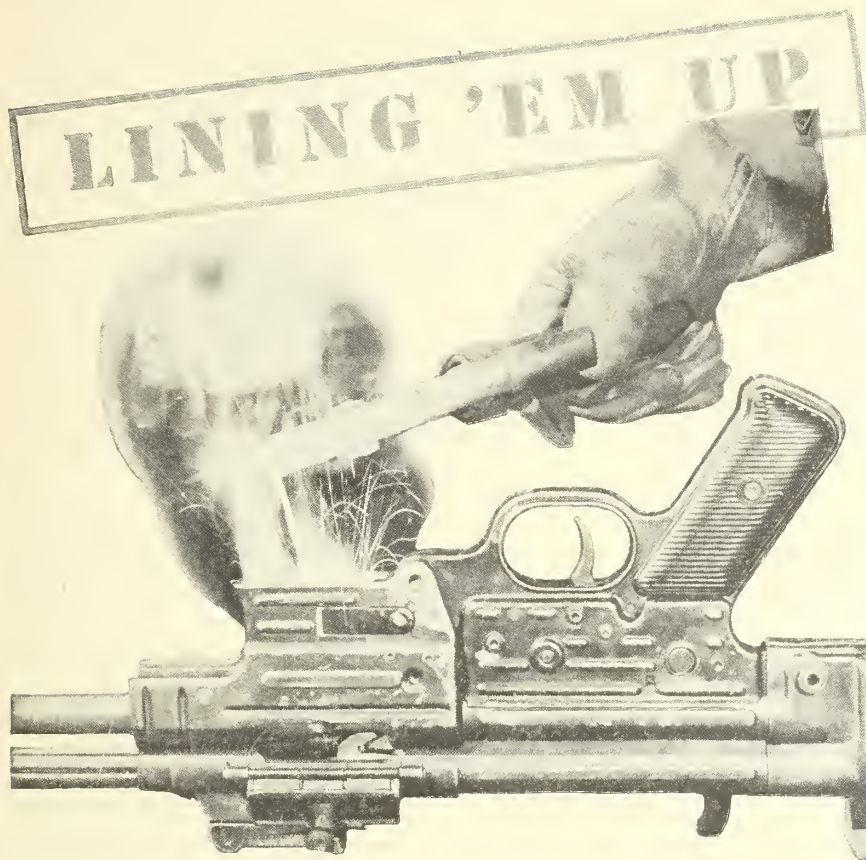
Yes, it's good to know the congenial reasons why...



Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
 BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve OR *Special*

Choice Blended Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City



Of interest to everyone who has ever handled a weapon is this department which will appear each month, written by the world-known arms expert **W. H. B. SMITH**



A touch of the welder's torch where it didn't damage the appearance has made this German MP-44 legal

THOUSANDS OF VETERANS have needlessly ruined valuable war souvenir weapons because of incorrect information about the National Firearms Act.

Thousands more have needlessly put themselves to the trouble of registering weapons which do not come under the Act.

Most serious of all, thousands are unknowingly and unwittingly violating the Federal law because of ignorance of its provisions.

Just what is the National Firearms Act? Does it require the registration of *all* firearms? Does it require the registration of all souvenir or foreign weapons? Does it require the mutilation of rifles, shotguns and pistols? . . . Those

are the questions most commonly raised by the flood of misinformation and hysteria spread by careless newspaper and radio reporting of the facts. Most of this information comes from ignorance of the law itself, but some stems from occasional distortion by prejudiced officials who honestly believe that the way to solve all crime, accident and social problems is by registration, confiscation and destruction of all arms, and who twist and interpret the law to suit their beliefs.

The National Firearms Act itself is inherently an excellent law for the protection of the common welfare, though admittedly some of its provisions are stupid and demonstrate clearly a lack of elementary knowledge of firearms on the part of some of the lawyers who drafted the bill and the legislators who passed it.

When the Act, for instance, requires the registration of all

automatic *machine weapons*, it is certainly working for the good of every honest citizen. When it makes it compulsory to register old type low velocity rifles or carbines when the barrel is a fraction under 18 inches, but exempts rifles of .22 caliber or less except when the barrel is under 16 inches, it is carrying legal points to absurd lengths.

Evidently the .22 meant to the people responsible for this bill a standard gallery or "plinking" rifle. Yet the .218 Winchester Bee has a rated muzzle velocity of 2860 feet per second; the .219 Winchester Zipper develops 3100 or 3420 f.p.s. depending on loading; the .22 Hornet bullet leaves the muzzle at 2625 f.p.s.; the Swift gets up to 4140! In other words, ultra-high velocity loads in bottle necked cartridges are perfectly legal with 16" (Continued on page 41)

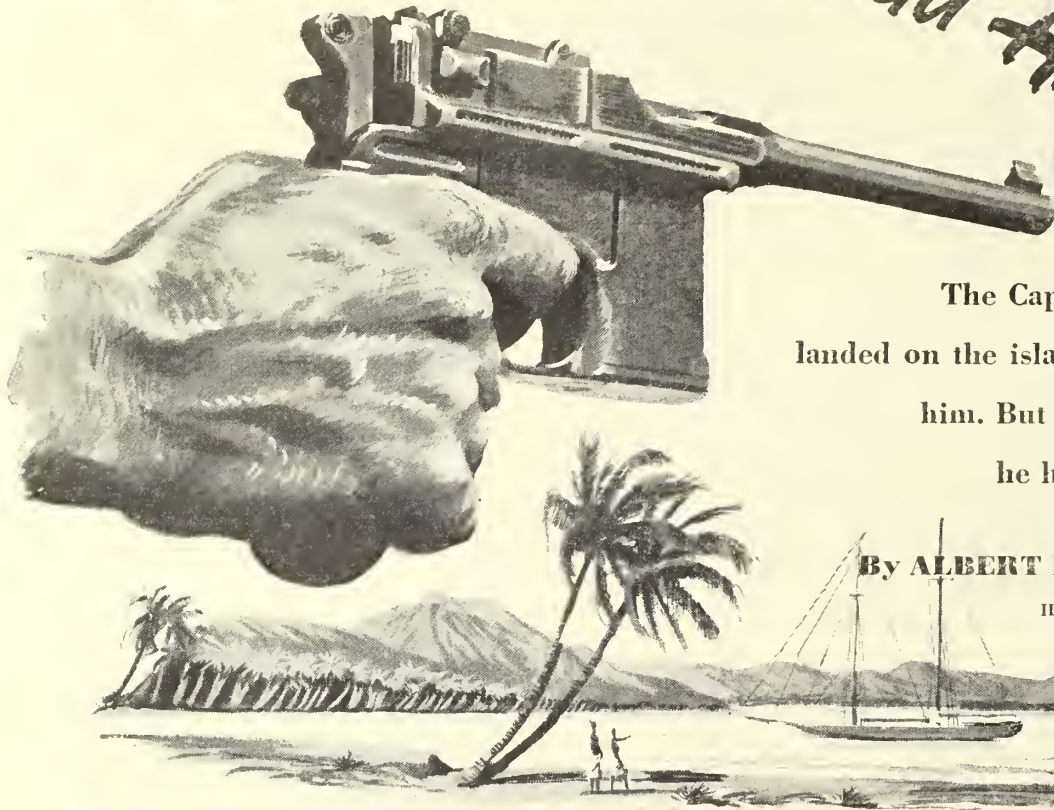


The pre-war Czech ZB 29 was a beauty but not overly rugged



The post-war Czech rifle is the tough, handsome ZK 420

The Return of Mad Harry



The Captain knew that if he landed on the island they'd try to kill him. But there was a question he had to have answered

By ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MUENCHEN

CAPTAIN SI PRENTISS of the brig *Alvareen*, just in from the Outer Islands, only heard the news after he'd anchored and been pulled ashore to Charley the Russian's saloon in Apia.

"Captain Owens," said Charley, "Mad Harry Owens?" he laughed and swatted some flies off the sticky bar. "Oh, he's in hospital. Very good fight here last week. Black Andrews took too many straight gins and thought he could tackle Mad Harry. Been wanting to do that since Harry eased him out on that old pearling deal. Too bad. You go to the hospital and get the yarn."

Captain Prentiss nodded and went up the low Samoan hills to the hospital and found Mad Harry in bed, propped up on pillows beneath the mosquito netting, a little paler and thinner than usual, but with the same tousled yellow hair, the reckless grin and sea blue eyes.

"Nice of you t' drop in, Si," he said easily. "Got a cigar? Sawbones said I shouldn't smoke yet but I'm used to giving my own orders. What's new?"

Captain Prentiss shook his head. "Not too much. And I didn't climb the damn hill to see if you're alive. How come Black Andrews got you in the shoulder? Andrews only pulls on natives and new chums?"

"Did," corrected Mad Harry grinning. "He's planted now with a hole between his eyes, and a nice shot if I do say so."

"But drilling you?" the Captain protested and Mad Harry waved the question aside.

"Hell," he said. "I had to give him first shot. There's a new Resident Magistrate here and he ain't used to things. Besides, Apia isn't the Outer Islands and you have to be careful. So I didn't want to get jailed for murder and when Andrews went for his gun I let him get it. Just a gamble. I figured he couldn't hit a full-rigged ship a couple of fathoms away. I was wrong. He nicked me before I hit him. So I was arrested and the new R.M. agreed to self-defense. That leaves me clear, Si. And a very

good job, getting the Islands clear of Black Andrews."

Captain Prentiss mopped his forehead and swore as he lighted a cigar for the invalid. "I always knew you were a gambler," he said, "but that's running the odds a bit too fine. Anytime I give a guy the first shot. . . . Well, let it die. I came to tell you about your father."

Mad Harry bit on his cigar and his grin stiffened a little. "What's the old boy raising hell about now? I ain't heard from him in years."

"He's not raising hell anymore," said Captain Prentiss simply. "I had to drop in Laguts Lagoon to fix a sprung mainmast and your old man's dead. Six months ago. I figured you wouldn't have heard. But that'll make someone owner of the joint, the copra plantings, the pearling beds and all."

Mad Harry drew hard on his cigar and his grin twisted a little. "Hell, I knew the old man wouldn't leave me anything," he stated. "I'm the wild oat in the family. (Continued on page 34)



Holding his wounded
shoulder, the Captain
lifted his gun tiredly



The secret wish of every
big game guide is to go off
where nobody knows him
and pretend he's a dude. One of
our best woodsmen tells why

I Want to be a Tenderfoot

By **RUSSELL ANNABEL**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOEL KING

EVERY BIG-GAME GUIDE I know day-dreams about journeying some day to a far-away dude ranch and posing there, for a few soul-satisfying weeks, as the most helpless and bumbling of tenderfeet. Guides are convinced that dudes have more fun, and get more service, with less effort and bother, than anybody else. Dudes, the guides point out

enviously, never have to worry about weather, bad trails, strayed horses, high fords, elusive game or unco-operative fish. Dudes can afford to be gayly reckless, and get themselves into all manner of incredible, hair-raising situations. Nothing mars their enjoyment of the wilds because they know that their guides and their guardian angels are on duty twenty-four hours a day, sweating out their problems and standing ready to save them from the trouble they get into so easily. Dudes, in short, have

a hell of a good time and a guide would have to be crazy not to yearn to be one.

As a guide, I cordially subscribe to the above sentiments, although I have felt, now and again, that in the matter of keeping dudes out of trouble the guardian angels weren't quite holding up their end.

Consider the case of Charlie Bal-lenger, charming New York dude who came north to Alaska one autumn to



Old Frank swung his lariat too late. Charlie clung to the clothesline and Piecrust lunged ahead, scattering bearhides and canned goods all around. "Stop that horse!" screamed Lof, "Oh, my greenhouse, my greenhouse!"

hunt black bear and mountain goats with Old Frank Lee and me. Charlie was the restless, energetic type of dude who insists on helping with the camp chores. No matter how often or how strongly I hinted that we would much prefer to perform these functions ourselves, he always tried to lend a hand. He was such a pleasant, sunny chap that neither old Frank nor I wanted to risk offending him by telling him outright that he was making a Grade-A nuisance of himself: so we continued to endure his assistance, hoping meanwhile that something would happen to cause him to appreciate the wisdom of leaving woodsmen's work to woodsmen.

What could have been the hoped-for incident occurred one morning at Oscar Lof's roadhouse at Old Knick, where we put up while hunting bear along the cottonwood-bordered bars of Eklutna River. Lof, a blue-water sailor who had retired from the sea after being injured in a shipwreck, kept a fine hotel for transient guides, trappers and prospectors. He had a two-story combination bunkhouse and mess-hall, a barn for horses, a whiteclover pasture lot, and a greenhouse—the only one in the district—which supplied vegetables for the table. The greenhouse was important. Lof was so proud of it that his guests had to go out and inspect it even before they signed the register. We contributed

our praise of the structure, then pastured our horses and spent a pleasant and productive week way-laying black bear. At that season of the year the bear were drawn to the river because the silver salmon, having spawned, were dying and floating down onto the bar points, where the bear were assembling to feed on them. Charlie took three excellent trophies, one of them a "silk" bear with a pelt almost as fine and glossy as that of a black fox.

When the morning came for our departure into the tangle of snow-topped goat peaks at the head of the river, Frank and I tied the packhorses in the roadhouse dooryard and began re-packing the panniers for mountain travel. I gave special attention to the rigging and pack of a bronk named Piecrust, because the animal was spooky. He was a

white-eyed, line-back dun who would kick, bite, and strike, and if his pack didn't ride to suit him he would enthusiastically buck it off. I tied him to a spruce clothesline post, put the saw-buck on him, slung the panniers, and went over to the heap of freight to select a suitable top pack. While my back was turned, Charlie hurried over to aid in the project.

"I've got a top pack right here," he announced from the off side of the horse. "It's the right shape and it'll lash down swell."

I looked around suspiciously just as he slapped the three folded green bear hides down across the saddle. Not one packhorse in ten will carry green bear hides, much less stand for them being slammed down unexpectedly on his back. (Continued on page 46)



Youthful faces reflecting the increasing share World War Two veterans have

The Legion Ups Its Sights

Highlights of the New York National Convention

By **BOYD B. STUTLER**



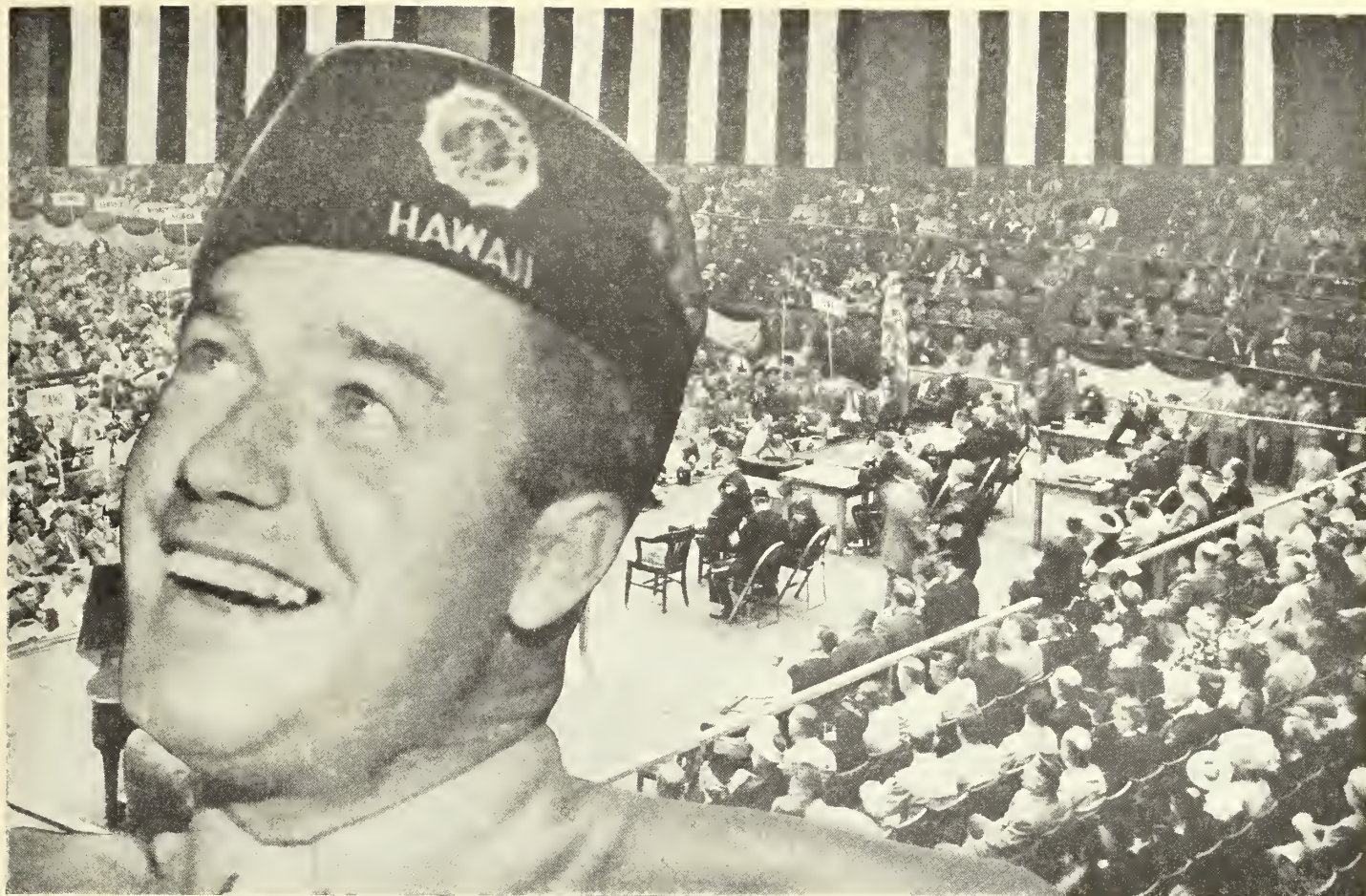
Retiring National Commander Griffith holds up hand of his successor, James F. O'Neil, Manchester, N. H.

LEGIONNAIRES—a quarter of a million or more of them—swept down upon New York City the last four days of August in a peaceful invasion to hold a convention. They came, wave after wave, from the four corners of the nation and from all the country in between by special train, by bus, in rickety jalopies, trick box cars and what-have-you. The beleaguered city was most gracious in its complete surrender, in fact the warmth of its welcome, led by Legionnaire Mayor William O'Dwyer, equaled that of the scorching heat turned on by the weather man.

All of this combined to make the 29th annual National Convention of The American Legion a new high spot, out-

shining in many important particulars the memorable meeting in the same city ten years before. There was all the glitter, the glamor, the noise and confusion, the water-pistol battles and traffic jams of pre-war meets. There was a return to the brilliant social functions, suspended during the war years—the National Commander's dinner and the Auxiliary States' Dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, hundreds of outfit reunions, the musical outfit competitions, and entertainment features that would cost any impresario a king's ransom to stage.

On the opening evening the Forty and Eight, doubled in membership since the war ended, staged its traditional hurly-burly parade down Eighth Avenue with an amazing assortment of boxcars, locomotives, clowns and flambeaus, marching for three solid hours in what one local



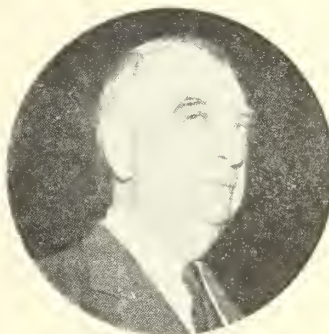
in the Legion's decisions were evident in the roll of convention delegates



Legionnaire Mayor William O'Dwyer: "...give you New York's heartiest of welcomes"



Governor Thomas E. Dewey: "We must be strong...I urge Universal Military Training"



Chief Justice Fred Vinson, receiving Legion medal: "I deeply appreciate the honor"



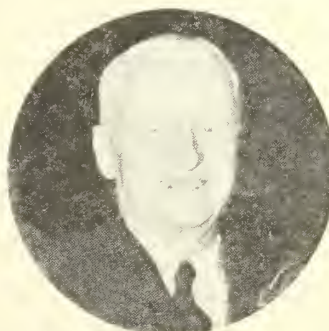
Sen. Edward Martin, Legion medalist: "Preparedness is the best policy against wars"



Francis, Cardinal Spellman: "I pay tribute to your fallen fellow-soldiers"



General Dwight Eisenhower: "No one can defeat us unless we first defeat ourselves"



Admiral Chester W. Nimitz: "We must not fail to provide our own safeguards"



General Carl Spaatz: "We must never again invite attack by a show of weakness"



Hour after hour up Fifth Avenue, through a man-made August snowstorm of welcoming paper, the Legion marched in its night

paper described as "a cross between a Mardi Gras and New Year's eve in a railroad yard, with overtones of a Marx Brothers movie." But New Yorkers loved it, ate it up and called for more, despite the sour notes of a Commie sheet and a smart columnist on an afternoon daily.

The big show, so far as the general public was concerned, came on Saturday, the 30th, when for twelve hours and twenty minutes the Legion marched up Fifth

Avenue in a stirring panorama of color and music, through a blizzard of torn paper thrown from tall buildings, over a full two-mile course before a jam-packed sideline of nearly two million spectators. It was a spine-tingling exhibition of civilian solidarity—these men and women were marching for America—and never was such a tremendous crowd more responsive or better handled. A big bouquet of orchids to New York's Finest.

Behind the carnival scenes and the moving pageantry of the parades there was a side that the public did not see—the thousands of delegates and committee members who worked diligently through the days and nights on the serious convention business; considering and digesting the more than nine hundred resolutions affecting nearly every phase of veterans' affairs and American life which had been sent up to the National Conven-



Martin Cenquemani waves from his wheelchair to Legion comrades as Commander Hyman of McNally Post, Brooklyn, lends a hand



Sucker State Legionnaires and their battle-wagon draw salty cheers



Rosemary Schebs, Menasha, Wis., Miss Majorette of America 1947



Barbara Jo Walker got a big hand in the parade. A few days later she was crowned Miss America at Atlantic City

tion for action from the several Department conventions. These delegates, who represented the Posts back home from whence the proposals came, were charting a course for the mightiest of veterans' organizations and were raising the sights of the Legion to meet the challenge of world conditions today.

From the opening session at Madison Square Garden on Thursday, when National Commander Paul Griffith rapped

his gavel for order, until late Sunday evening at the 71st Regiment Armory, when James F. O'Neil took over the high command, this work went on, with unprecedented attendance at all business sessions. There were pauses when the delegates listened to counsel and commendation from those highest in national, civil and military affairs. They listened to a message from President Truman and heard Governor Thomas E. Dewey, both of whom

urged the Legion to carry on the good fight for Universal Military Training; raised the roof when General Dwight Eisenhower came on the stage to speak; cheered for Admiral Nimitz and General Spaatz, and listened to reports on the state of the nation from Secretary of National Defense James Forrestal and Secretary of the Army Kenneth C. Royall.

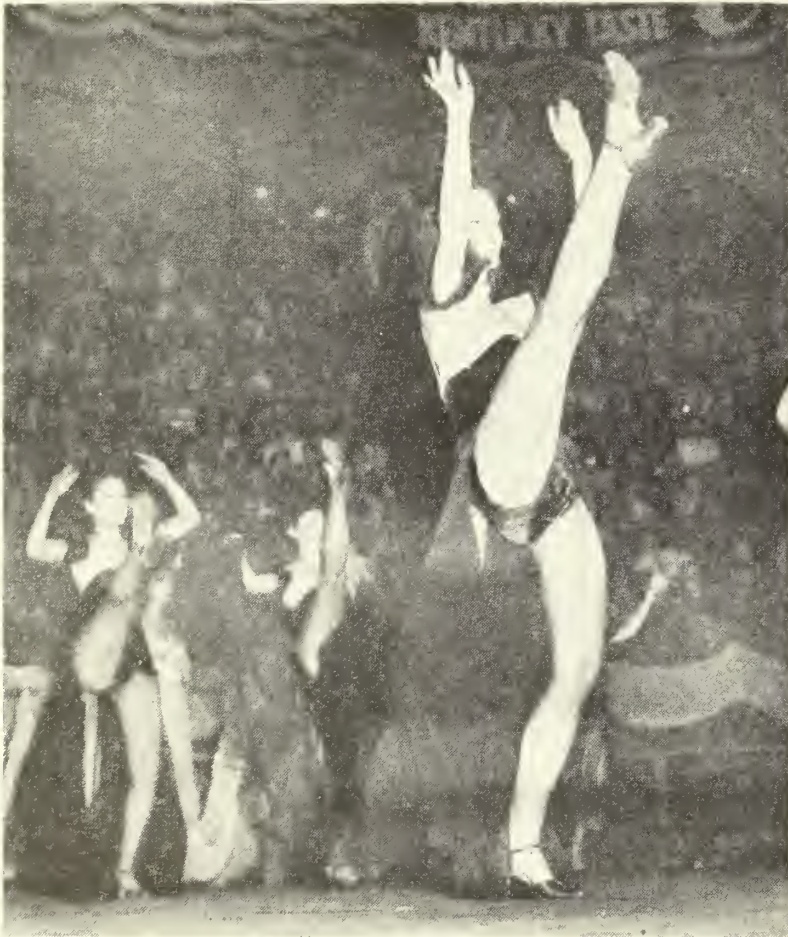
Awards of the Legion's Distinguished Service Medal were made to Fred M.



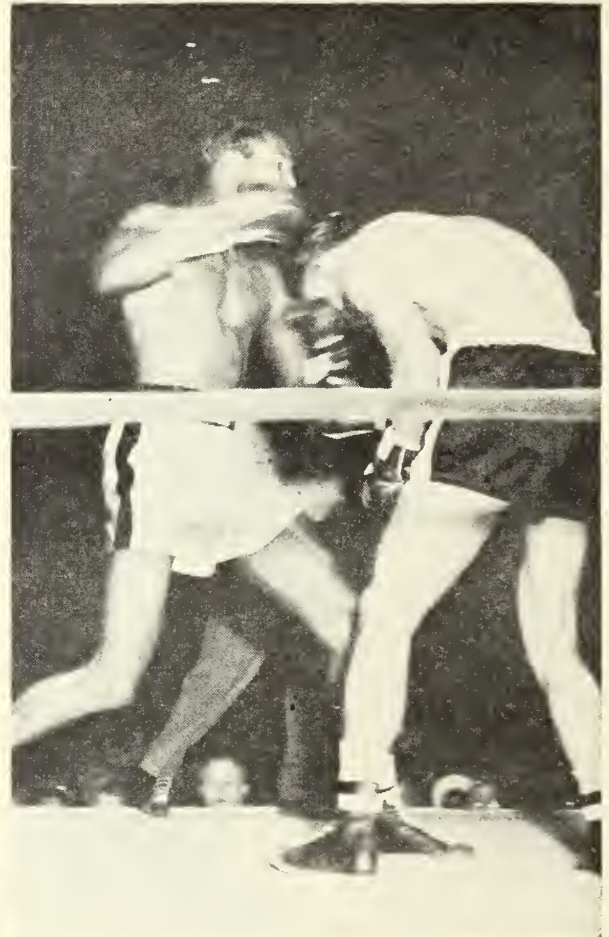
Doubling in brass, and then some. What, no accordion?



Flower girls make a visiting drum corps feel at home



Copacabana girls at the Madison Square Garden show which thrilled a packed house of Legionnaires and Auxiliaries



Sugar Ray Robinson, welter champ, knocks out Flashy Sebastian in Round 1

Vinson, Chief Justice of the United States, and General Edward Martin, Senator from Pennsylvania, both Legionnaires; and to Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen, war-time production manager—an honor that has been accorded to but few of our most distinguished civil and military leaders.

Throughout the sessions marked differences of opinion developed on issues

presented to the convention, leading to sharp clashes in debate and frequent roll calls by Departments. Sharpest of these were the debates over a general pension for all veterans of the First World War at the age of 60; the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Housing Bill, now pending in the Congress, and a minority report of the Foreign Relations Committee—all of which were defeated on roll call votes of the De-

partments after heated floor debates.

Highlights of the Convention actions were:

Americanism: Denounced the Communist party as "the greatest menace to America" and called for action to outlaw it, not as a political party but as a subversive international conspiracy; asked for a complete study of the immigration problem; reaffirmed a former resolution



National Vice Commanders-elect, from left: Albert A. Cree, Rutland, Vt.; Roy Barnes, White Lake, S. D.; Myron Renick, Fayetteville, W. Va.; Joe White, College Park, Ga.; Richard B. Ott, Ritzville, Wash.



National Commander O'Neil congratulates Rev. Fr. Frank Harrington, Butte, Mont., newly elected National Chaplain

in condemning forces that promote racial and religious hatred, and expressing abhorrence of any type of discrimination because of race, creed, color, national origin or religion; and recorded strong condemnation of fascism, as well as communism, and all such un-American ideas.

Child Welfare: Asked for an amendment to the Social Security Act to liberalize survivors' benefits for families of veterans; proposed that Federal grants-in-aid be made on a basis of need, and that the Social Security program include insurance coverage for families when the wage-earner is disabled.

Employment: Called upon the Congress to maintain veterans' employment service as a separate organizational entity; requested maintenance and protection of counseling service provided under the Wagner-Peyser Act of 1933; asked for a clarification and strengthening of veterans' preference in Federal employment, and outlined the Legion's 10-point Employment Program.

Foreign Relations: Placed The American Legion squarely behind the Marshall plan for rehabilitation of Europe; urged the President of the United States to stop shipments of oil, ore and potential war supplies to countries whose acts threaten the peace of the world, and emphasized

again the importance of strengthening the United Nations in accordance with The American Legion's suggestions; emphatically endorsed all necessary aid to Greece and Turkey, and in plain terms reported that "the persistent misuse of the veto power by Soviet Russia is destroying the ability of the United Nations to prevent war" as a sabotaging movement by the Russian dictators. The Convention also urged that we keep our atomic secrets and not share them with any nation.

National Defense: Urged immediate enactment of a Universal Military Training law; called for full development of our Air Force; outlined a program of civilian defense; demanded an adequate Merchant Marine, and urged the immediate organization of National Guard and Reserve components of the armed forces.

Veterans' Housing: Placed the Legion on record as continuing its opposition to the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Omnibus Bill; pledged all-out effort to solve housing problem of veterans; urged mobilization of community resources to insure adequate and fair treatment of veterans.

Rehabilitation: A series of resolutions, technical in nature, called for corrections in procedure of Veterans Administration in handling of claims; requested liberalization of procedure in handling WW2



Housing Chairman Dick Cadwallader of Baton Rouge, La.



Child Welfare Chairman Dave Addy presents his report



Eddie Eagan, boxing chief, who arranged bouts at the Garden

National Service Life Insurance; urged speed in hospital building program, and adopted twenty policy declarations dealing with the handling of veterans' affairs.

In its purely organizational affairs, proposals to broaden eligibility requirements by extending the dates for membership after VJ Day; a reduction in the delegate ratio, and to double the membership of the National Executive Committee were all defeated.

The field was dotted thick with candidates and prospective candidates for the highest Legion post at the opening of the annual meeting, but as the campaigning progressed the contest narrowed to four—Martin V. Coffey of Ohio, Perry S. Brown of Texas, Joe Malloy of the District of Columbia, and James F. O'Neil of New Hampshire. O'Neil was elected on the first ballot. For many years he has served his Post, Department and the National Organization.

To complete the high command, Albert A. Cree of Rutland, Vermont; Joe White of College Park, Georgia; Myron Renick of Fayetteville, West Virginia; Richard B. Ott of Ritzville, Washington, and Roy Barnes of White Lake, South Dakota, were elected National Vice Commanders. Rev. Father Frank L. Harrington of Butte, Montana, was chosen as National Chaplain.

Forward, Auxiliary!

THE AMERICAN LEGION AUXILIARY, meeting in New York City for its 27th Annual National Convention on the same dates in late August as the Legion, laid its plans for another record-breaking year of service to America. Already with its 921,505 members the largest body of patriotic women in history, the Auxiliary heard reports from its various standing committee chairmen of increasingly effective work and expressed its intention

of going well over the million mark in membership during 1948.

Standing squarely with the Legion in its demands for a realistic Universal Military Training program, the Auxiliary delegates also voted \$10,000 to the Legion for aid to the needy children of veterans of both World Wars and \$25,000 for the Legion rehabilitation program.

As its leader in the year ahead the Auxiliary named Mrs. Lee W. Hutton of

Excelsior, Minnesota, who has had a distinguished career of service with the organization.

As Vice-Presidents the convention chose Mrs. John A. Lakeman, Jr., of West Springfield, Mass., Eastern Division; Mrs. John B. Kirkpatrick, Eustis, Fla., Southern Division; Mrs. William B. Dingle, Dayton, Wash., Western Division; Mrs. Franklin P. Bowersox of Fremont, Neb., Northwestern Division; Mrs. J. J. Jerabek, Algoma, Wis., Central Division.

Mrs. Gwendolyn Wiggin MacDowell of Story City, Iowa, National Secretary, and Mrs. Cecelia Wenz of Indianapolis, National Treasurer, continue in office.

BILL KASHMAN PHOTO



Mrs. Lee W. Hutton, Excelsior, Minnesota, National President, The American Legion Auxiliary



Vice Presidents-elect, in the usual order: Mrs. Franklin P. Bowersox, Fremont, Neb.; Mrs. John A. Lakeman, Jr., West Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. William B. Dingle, Dayton, Wash.; Mrs. J. J. Jerabek, Algoma, Wis.; Mrs. J. B. Kirkpatrick, Eustis, Fla.



Accompanied by her husband, Mrs. Hutton goes to the rostrum following her unanimous election as Auxiliary head

A Sound Investment

By JAMES F. O'NEIL

National Commander, The American Legion



BY THE TIME Legionnaires read these words the National Convention which chose me as leader of our great organization for the coming year will have been history for almost a full two months. The groundwork will have been laid for the important work that lies ahead of us during 1948 in the service of our beloved country.

One aspect of that service I would like to talk about in this, my first message to all Legionnaires in the pages of our magazine. It concerns the very vital matter of our relations with the world in which we

find ourselves some two years after the end of World War Two.

The American Legion has repeatedly shown that it spurns a narrow isolationism, and it has given constructive evidence of its belief in the necessity of the United Nations organization becoming sufficiently powerful to check aggression from whatever quarter. Some weeks ago Roscoe Drummond, the able Chief of the Washington News Bureau of the *Christian Science Monitor*, wrote that "the Legion has become an instrument of the most practical and progressive international-

ism," and went on to quote with approval the steps our organization has urged as necessary to insure the success of the United Nations. He was commenting on the Legion booklet *Twice Is Too Often!* which suggested constructive changes in the U N structure.

As a police chief (and I am proud of my profession) I know that you test a police officer by what he knows of the people and the conditions on his beat. Under present conditions the entire world is the beat of us Americans. President Truman spoke out of the bitter experience of our being involved in two world wars, when, a few months ago, he said that anything which happens anywhere on the globe is of compelling interest to us. To know about what is going on everywhere and to evaluate that knowledge is the job of an Intelligence Service—what we know in military life as G-2. The British and the French have for more than a century had such a Service, while we have had a mere framework with duty and responsibility scattered through the naval and military services, the Departments of State, Treasury and Justice. We have paid for this scattering of our Intelligence by failing to know quickly and surely concerning many a cloud no bigger than a man's hand which developed into a storm menacing to our life as a nation.

Under the law unifying the armed services the President of the United States is authorized to set up a National Security Council under whose direction a Central Intelligence Agency will collect and correlate all security data furnished by other government departments and our representatives all over the world.

This plan is all to the good, but until Congress furnishes the money it remains only a paper plan. I am certain that the House Committee on Appropriations, which has the primary responsibility in this matter, and men of all parties in Congress will support the plan, keeping in mind the fact that an intelligence service second to none is an absolute necessity for our survival as a nation.

Meanwhile let us give our whole-hearted support to the United Nations in the spirit of the proposals which we of the Legion have made for strengthening that world organization, and let us make certain that we know the score at all times and in all places as we work with other peace-loving nations to throttle aggression wherever found.

We need to keep ever uppermost in our minds that there never has been a good war; that every expenditure for a sound peace is a wise investment.

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Report from Hollywood



By R. WILSON BROWN

Vets To The Front

Ronald Reagan, Warner Bros. Star, is still looking for that vacation he expected to have upon his discharge from the Army. He's completed three starring roles in the films *Stallion Road*, *Night Unto Night* and *Voice of the Turtle*, and has just begun work in his fourth, *Mary Hagen*. In the latter film he draws Shirley Temple as his feminine co-star.

In the film *Night Unto Night*, which introduces the new Swedish feminine star Viveca Lindfors, another veteran was in the cast line-up with Reagan, Broderick Crawford, who saw action in Europe as a sergeant in the Army Air Force, portrayed an artist.

Jeffrey Lynn and Wayne Morris, the former a veteran of the Army Air Force



Vet-of-the-month Tad Van Brunt got to Japan before most Marines

and the latter a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, both move off the Warner lot for their second film assignments since their discharge. Lynn completed a leading role in *Whiplash* and now moves



Latest of the nostalgic films is "I Remember Mama" with, l. to r., Irene Dunne, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Philip Dorn

over to Universal-International for *Black Bart*. Morris finished his leading role in *Deep Valley* and is currently at work in *Time of Your Life* for Cagney Productions. Morris combines his film work with Naval Reserve duties. However, his current contract with Cagney has him grounded for the duration of the film.

Tom D'Andrea, former Tech. Sgt. in the Army, is back in uniform again, only now it's of the Civil War style. Tom is portraying Errol Flynn's buddy in an out-door saga of the 19th century titled *Silver River*.

Our Vet-of-the-month

At the close of the Okinawan campaign a venerable Okinawan scholar in a formal ceremony presented a petition

ing at the University of Colorado as an interpreter, he was given a choice of service and picked the Marines. On Guam and Okinawa his knowledge of the Japs and their language made him a valuable man.

Upon release from service he reminded a friend who had told him, three years before, that he would give him an introduction to a Paramount executive. The friend kept the promise. Paramount tested him, and now he's arrived.

Tad will soon be seen in *Big Clock*, a heavy drama, with Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester and Maureen O'Sullivan.

Two to See

Fans of William Powell have been promised a great treat in the vehicle Universal-International fashioned for



William Powell, being starred in "The Senator Was Indiscreet," with one of his chief supporters

to the Commanding General of the Sixth Division. The petition expressed the gratitude of the Okinawa people to the General and his Division, and particularly to Marine First Lieutenant Tad Van Brunt for the treatment given the citizens. The petition went on to request that Van Brunt be permitted to remain on the island as governor.

Tad was born in Yokohama, Japan, in 1921, the son of an American of Dutch descent who was then with an Oriental import-export firm. After the 1923 earthquake the family moved to Kobe, where Tad attended the Canadian Academy. The next move, in 1939, was to California, where Tad finished high school and studied acting at the Pasadena Playhouse one year before enlisting in the Navy. After specialized train-

him, *The Senator Was Indiscreet*, and they will not be disappointed . . . Irene Duane in *I Remember Mama*, an R-K-O memory-land play of rare excellence, does a superb job with the aid of an excellent supporting cast that includes the noted English actor Sir Cecil Hardwicke.

A Man With 57 Voices

You've heard him many times but didn't know it. He is Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Porky Pig, Tweedy Bird, Little Love Bird, Henry Hawk and other characters in Warner Bros. cartoons. He works behind the scenes without glory. He's the man of fifty-seven voices—Mel Blanc. On the radio he's the happy postman on the Burns and Allen show; Pedro on Judy Canova's show; and, in one case only, (Continued on page 34)

It's ENGLISH..
It's QUALITY..
It's KIWI!



"The judge was looking mighty pleased with himself this morning—and you could see your face in that KIWI shoe shine he's always talking about."

"Telling me something! And did you notice the special dazzling polish on the D.A.'s shoes, too? Bet that was KIWI."

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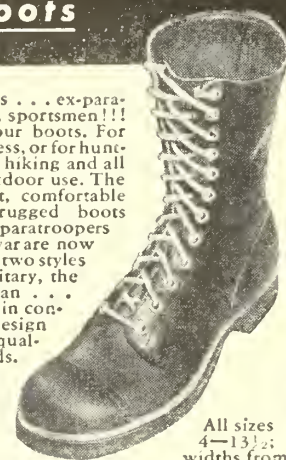
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REPORT FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 33)

he is himself on his own show on CBS.

He has given his voice to about forty cartoons a year for ten years. In the beginning, it took him eight to twelve hours to record a voice for a cartoon. But now, with much experience, he can knock off a job in an hour or so. After the voice is recorded, it still takes nearly a year and 10,000 drawings before the picture is ready for release. That is because the story and voices come first; then the artists make the drawings to fit the story and Mel Blanc's antics.

"I start an assignment," he says, "by listening to the story of the cartoon. Then I learn the dialogue and rehearse it carefully, adding touches here and there in conformity with the characters—possibly a gag or characterization emphasis—and then the recordings of my voice begin. Each line is separately recorded, and two different versions are made for a choice of the better 'take.'"

Now if Mel were imitating other voices, that would be easy. But he can't do that. Each new voice must be a new creation with personality and appeal. "And," he adds, "a new voice must not sound similar in any way to those already established."

THE END

THE RETURN OF MAD HARRY

(Continued from page 20)

Couldn't stand his ordering me around, so I got out years ago, when I was still a kid."

"I know," agreed the captain shortly. "It's your tough luck now. That lagoon's worth two thousand quid a year at least." Mad Harry laughed and then winced as his bandaged shoulder hurt him.

"Sure, two thousand quid a year if you stay put and kick your kanakas around. I like a loose sheet and a fair wind and any damned port I feel like hitting, same as the old man did when he was a young 'un." He laughed again. "Well, he got over it and I never did, that's all. He married a second time, a swell girl out of 'Frisco and hung his guns on the wall. I still think he often had the itch to run free-lance again, but I guess the new wife held him. . . . How'd he die?"

"Island fever," said the captain simply. "But what the hell. He was seventy, wasn't he?"

"Seventy-four," Mad Harry corrected. "Funny thing. Just think how the old coot shot his way from Alaska to New Guinea and back. Seal poaching, gun-running and about everything else. Who gets the atoll and the rest of the loot?"

Captain Prentiss mopped his forehead again and bit his lip. "I hate to say it, chum, but it looks like that slick second cousin of yours, that Marvin Verrill, if

you recall. He was manager for your old man for years and I guess did a fair job. Well, the way I got it, he gets half and the other half goes to Fayre Hedron, his step-daughter."

Mad Harry was quiet for a moment, thinking. "Yes, I remember her," he said at last. "My late step-mother's kid. A leggy, skinny thing with freckles and always asking questions. Well, that's fair enough. Maybe I should've dropped in on the old man now and then but we always got into an argument and anyway the new wife didn't like me. Figured maybe I'd coax dad back to the free-lance game. But it hits me sort of sour, Si."

"You lost out big, Harry. . . . Anything I can do while you're here?"

"Sure," said Mad Harry, grinning again. He swung out of bed and stood up, a little shakily. "Help me climb in my clothes and get me out of here. I gotta hunch I ought to look in on Laguts Lagoon."

"You're a sick man," the captain warned. "If the sawbones find you climbing out. . . ."

"You wouldn't want me bad friends with you, Si," said Mad Harry gently. "Just let me handle this. I'll be sailing at dawn. I somehow don't think my old man died of Island fever. He wasn't that sort."

Captain Prentiss started to protest again and then caught the look in Mad Harry's narrowed gray eyes and swallowed hard. No, he didn't want to be bad friends. Not with Mad Harry. He helped the invalid dress. . . .

On the broad verandah of the big bungalow at Laguts Lagoon Marvin Verrill focussed the glasses on the trim black-hulled schooner coming through the reef-pass, heading for the trading wharf, and he suppressed an oath.

"A visitor," said the girl beside him delightedly. "Three months since the last ship. It does get lonely here. I'll have the houseboys prepare a real welcome."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said Marvin Verrill grimly. He handed the glasses to the girl. "That's Mad Harry Owens' schooner and I want none of him on my property or in my house."

The girl colored a little and bit her full red lower lip. "Isn't that a bit strong, Marvin? After all this is Mad Harry's home."

"'Was Mad Harry's home," Marvin corrected. "Now it belongs to me and . . . er . . . you."

He glanced at the girl beside him, an inch or two shorter than his own lean five-foot-ten; hair blue-black and sloe-black tempestuous eyes; a full, sensuous mouth. Fayre Hedron had always puzzled him. She looked soft and amiably loveable, but he knew from bitter experience those red lips could tighten and those velvet dark eyes could fire up and she could become as obstinate and as firm as any man he had ever known.

"So that's Mad Harry Owens' schooner," she said softly, the glasses glued to her eyes. "Must be ten years since he left here last. I think he's exciting."

"He's a damned killer and a thief and blackguard," said Marvin harshly. "A girl on every island and a jail waiting for him in every decent port."

"Perhaps," she said cryptically. "But that doesn't alter the fact this is . . . or was . . . his home. And it doesn't alter the fact he's the first visitor since Captain Prentiss was here. And I don't see why we shouldn't have a special dinner for him."

"He'll not come in my house," started the man furiously and then checked as he found the girl had lowered the glasses and was staring at him levelly and with a hint of ominous fire.

"Our house," she reminded firmly. "We're not married yet, Marvin." He forced a laugh. "No, of course not. I was just annoyed at the idea of that blackguard even sitting near you."

"If he has a girl on every island he probably won't even notice me," she said, tossing back her hair and smiling. "In the meantime order Mr. Chalmers the foreman to get the whaleboat away. I'm going out."

"You can't do that!" the man protested harshly. "Damn it . . . ! We only go out to meet welcome guests."

"It's an old Island custom with visitors," the girl reminded him. "And after all, Captain Owens is some sort of relation to me. If you won't call Chalmers, I will."

"No, no, I'll tell him," said Marvin shortly. "You run along and get into something fit for a boat journey."

He called Chalmers.

"She wants the longboat launched," said Marvin shortly. "Take her out to meet Owens. This might be awkward, Chalmers, and it might come to worse. Better wear your gun belt around, just in case."

The foreman, a leathery-faced gaunt man with squint blue eyes, spat over the veranda rail and looked uncomfortable. "Look, boss. I don't want any tangling with Mad Harry Owens. He c'n shoot off both ears while you're trying to find your gun-butt. Take it peaceful-like all along."

"That's my idea," the other agreed. "But there might be chances to settle him and we don't want to overlook any angles. I don't like the way Fayre . . . Miss Hedron . . . thinks of him for one thing. And I don't want him poking into the family ledgers. You're in this as deep as I am, so start thinking. And don't let a fake reputation scare you off."

"If his rep's fake," said Chalmers drily, "then I dunno why Slim Gordon's planted under the palms on Ponape and I dunno why Buck Harris is shark meat in Tanaka Lagoon. . . . Well, let it ride. I'll do my best."

Mad Harry's jaw dropped and his grin vanished and he was acutely aware he hadn't shaved for three days. For the first

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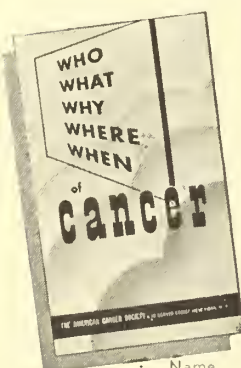
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6. Persistent hoarseness, unexplained cough, or difficulty in swallowing. Do not assume that it is due to smoking or some other form of irritation which will clear up. Go to the doctor.
7. Any change in the normal bowel habits. Do not attempt to diagnose yourself. Go to the doctor.

one up the jacob's ladder was a trim girl with blue-black hair tucked under a spotless sun-helmet and a shape that even expensive whites of shantung silk couldn't exactly hide. She came aft very calmly, looking at the sandstoned decks and the faultless gear, as if to find fault; and when she climbed the companion to the poop Mad Harry was seething under his careless smile.

"This is unexpected," he said acidly. "I didn't know there was a lady coming out."

She looked at him and their eyes clashed. Fayre Hedron laughed a little.

"Sorry to surprise you, captain," she apologized coldly. "I just like to see ships well handled. I suppose you've forgotten me. I'm Fayre Hedron. I suppose you're Mad Harry Owens. . . ." she flushed. . . . "I mean Captain Owens."

Mad Harry recovered himself and grinned.

"The name Mad Harry's good enough," he said easily. "I guess I didn't recognize you. You were just a skinny little thing with freckles last I saw. And now . . . Fayre. . . ."

"Miss Hedron," she reminded coldly.

"Oh, sure. Miss Hedron. Well, things seem to have changed. You're beautiful. . . . And they tell me you own half the atoll now. Well, it's in lovely hands."

"So I'm beautiful," she said icily. "Like all the other girls you have in the islands, I suppose." Mad Harry looked a little puzzled.

"All the other girls? . . . Why, I'm no lily. I've chased around a bit, but I've got no girls. . . ."

"Your reputation runs ahead," she said coldly. "How many men have you killed since you were here last? A pearl poacher, a seal poacher, a liar and a thief. . . . We know what you are, Captain Owens. Still, for your father's sake you may come ashore as my guest."

Mad Harry looked at his mate and saw he was as bewildered as he was himself. "Well, if you say so, ma'am. I wouldn't want to intrude. Matter of fact, I just wanted to find out why my old man died of island fever."

"A very nice excuse," she conceded. "And what does it mean?"

"It means," said Harry slowly, "my old man had had island fever so many times he couldn't die from it. I get it myself. It's something like malaria. My mate gets it. All my old pals get it. Once you come out of the first bout you get others, now and then, but they don't kill you. You just shiver and sweat and take a lot of quinine and in a couple of days you're all right."

She bit her lips and frowned. "I don't quite see the connection."

"Does it matter? How's my dear cousin, Marvin. I'm surprised he didn't come with you."

"Marvin is busy," she said shortly. "And I'd like you to know we're engaged."

"My congratulations. So he gets you and the atoll too!" said Mad Harry, starting to lift his sun helmet. A sudden pain in his scarcely healed shoulder made him wince and lower his arm. "You'll forgive me," he explained. "I'm just getting over a bullet wound."

"Shooting some other defenseless man, I suppose," she said scornfully. "Oh, I've heard all about your record from your father. I'm only surprised he left you his old guns."

"His old guns?" Mad Harry's face went tight and then he laughed, as a man with a load removed from his mind. "Why, the old guy did like me at that. He blasted his way through in the bad old days and he figures maybe the guns'll help. Thanks for telling me that."

"Well, you'd better get cleaned up and come ashore with me," she said brusquely. "Your mate can dock the schooner. I'm having a special dinner for . . . for . . . for . . . you. . . . guess it's for your father's sake. He did love you, Harry . . . Captain Owens . . . in spite of everything."

Mad Harry shrugged and went below to clean up and when he came on deck again Fayre Hedron's heart began to pound a little. She could understand why he had a girl on every island . . . if he *did* have a girl on every island. He was handsome all dressed out in his shore whites. She couldn't believe Marvin entirely. She noticed he had twin gun-belts buckled about him and nodded her head at them.

"I didn't know it was the custom to go ashore armed on a friendly place," she said coldly. He looked at her and smiled. "It's not very friendly when cousin Marvin doesn't come out to say hello. My old man lived to be seventy-four. He didn't do it by leaving his gun-belts hanging on the bulkhead. I figure maybe he slipped this time."

"Have it your way," she said impatiently. "I suppose you feel bitter about me getting half the atoll and the pearl grounds and half the money." He shrugged.

"Rather you than Marvin," he said drily. "Tell me, is Timor our old houseboy still around." She laughed.

"Well, yes. But he's sort of a pensioner now. Did you want to see him?"

"When we're ashore, I do," said Mad Harry quietly. "If it won't bother Cousin."

"Oh, I forgot to say," she returned, "aside from the old guns, your father cut you off with a pound . . . and Trochus Island."

Mad Harry stared at her and gave a twisted smile. "I didn't know he owned Trochus Island. That's up in the Carolines. A head-hunter's paradise."

The boat had grounded by then and they were walking up along the pathway of crushed coral to the bungalow between the massed flowers of hibiscus and frangipani. He stopped her short.

"So you're half-way engaged to marry cousin Marvin," he said gently. Her little chin stuck out defiantly. "Isn't that my own business?"

"Do you love him?" he insisted. She turned scarlet and averted her eyes to watch a red parrot flutter through the palms. "Isn't that my business too?"

He swung her around before she had time to think. Her little fists beat futilely at his chest and he kissed her. "Not anymore," he said. "I think I'll take over. There might have been girls in the Outer Islands, but not any more, Fayre. You're too damned good for Marvin. Don't you see why the old man left me his guns?"

"Why should I care?" she cried panting. "Let me go you . . . you killer. . . ."

"Darling," he started to say and stag-

IMP-ULSES

by Ponce de Leon



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Vets with Ideas



A Hole in the Ground

When Harry Pronio came home to Zanesville, Ohio, after crossing the Rhine as a combat engineer, he wanted to set up his own business but wasn't sure what it would be.

Harry was raised on a farm and knew all the problems that could crop from rich dirt. He looked around a bit, talked to farmers, and decided what his neighbors needed was a better post hole digger.

Experimenting and testing for several months, ex-lieutenant Pronio finally perfected a digger that, hooked to the power take-off of a jeep or tractor, could drill a 32-inch hole in 15 seconds. He used mustering-out pay and war savings to set up a small plant, hired veterans (one an amputee) to work with him, and soon saw his post hole digger selling faster than they could be made.

Today Harry Pronio and his ex-GIs are working two shifts a day, catching up with back orders. When they do, Harry has other power-driven ideas.—*George Laycock.*

New Angle in Rope

Now you, too, can twirl a lasso.

That is, if you use a "Magic Lasso" being mass-produced by two 35-year-old Philadelphia vets, David Knox and Horace Reece.

These men, in halcyon days prewar, had jobs in the movie projection trade that led to similar duty in service.

For one movie short Knox worked on, several kids had to spin lassos. A bonafide cowboy tried to teach them how, but failed. The small fry's rope kept snarling and twisting. Knox perked up and rigged a rope with inset metal loop, jointed to prevent snarling, that made rope tricks easy. The kids twirled it with glee.

Back home in Philly one evening after the war, Knox amused friends with wild western prowess spinning his rope. Reece snapped his fingers. "Say!" he said, "Why can't we put that thing on the market?"

Both men wanted a self-run business. They took the gamble. Unable to get a loan via GI they shelled \$1000 from their own pockets (all they had) and went to work, testing, experimenting. With the aid of 15 other vets, a lucky find of red cellophane tubing usable as packaging material at a WAA sale, the first Magic Lassos came out last Christmas and went like hot cakes. One store sold 1500 per week.

Inspired, the boys expanded nation-wide. Hollywood studios and Broadway musicals use their lasso for shows; rambunctious kids, actors, frustrated drugstore boys went



for them. One toy man swears the "Magic Lasso" will outsell Kewpie dolls. To date, Davis and Reece have sold over 100,000 of their sisal rope gadgets—and now they're after the female trade with a skip rope called "Dual Skiplet." Its length is adjustable. Sales, as well as schoolgirls, are jumping.—*Brooke E. Supplee.*

Mink Coat Hatchery

Just outside Strongsville, Ohio, fifteen years ago, Ray Neumeyer and George Seidel began raising beady-eyed, brown-furred minks for a hobby. By the time U.S. got into war, the Neumeyer-Seidel 1500-animal fur farm was biggest in the state. But then, the boys went off to war, their farm went to pot.

Three years later, Seidel came back from duty with the Seventh Army and Neumeyer from the amphibious engineers, determined to restart their mink coat hatchery. Pooling war savings, larding that with a loan, they bought a few dozen of the gilt-edged creatures and set them to breeding on the same old stand. By now the men have 750 mink, including 140 valuable females, and hope to sell 2500 pelts to the garment district next fall.

Recently, these two vets, both in their mid-thirties, got another idea.

Since finicky mink grow best on a diet of horse meat, beef lung, liver, fish and cereal, many "ranchers" have trouble keeping their four-footed friends in chow. Seidel and Neumeyer aid them now with a mink catering service, selling refrigerated horse-flesh and other tidbits to a dozen competing Ohio mink men.—*Irv Lieberman.*

Ex-Hurler Makes a Boot

Don Kepler has spent much of his 38 years on his feet. He's hiked and fished the hills around Pine Grove Mills, Pa., and pitched big league ball. But the importance of outdoor foot comfort was driven home to him most forcibly as a survival instructor at Chapel Hill Pre-Flight School, where he showed air cadets how to live off the land, eat snakes and walk hundreds of backwoods miles.

Kepler came out of the Navy resolved to make a better hunting shoe, and last year he began marketing his 12-inch-high, red, fleece-lined Don Kepler Hunting Shoe to outdoorsmen all over the country.

He has sold over 300 pairs at \$10.95 and has now dreamed up a fisherman's boot. The first experimental pair cost \$500 to make. He is putting them through stiff tests on his own feet, he says, before placing the manufacture of the boots in the hands of the big rubber company that makes his special shoes.

gered and with a little cry she caught him and the blood from his shoulder stained her dress. There was a laugh from behind the frangipani and Chalmers' voice said, "That will hold you."

"Not quite," said Mad Harry Owens and he pushed the girl away from him and turned and fired blind. There was a choked cry from behind the flowers and a heavy body falling. Fayre Hedron was white faced and trembling, one little hand pressed tight against her mouth.

"I think it's pretty clear now," said Mad Harry gently. "I've a date with cousin Marvin. Tell him to have a man shot two inches lower next time."

"Oh, you're hurt," she cried. "Lean on me."

"This is my fight," he said, white-faced. "And the old man would want it that way. Let's go up and see cousin Marvin."

Marvin Verrill was sitting sprawled on his favorite cane chair on the great veranda and contentedly nursing a stiff stingaree. He felt very good indeed. Everything was taken care of. Chalmers had shot twice from ambush and he never missed, although the damned fool was shaky because he was going to kill Mad Harry Owens.

It brought the immaculate Marvin Verrill hastily to his feet when he saw instead a man in a blood-soaked shirt coming up the path and with twin guns belted around him. A man with narrowed gray eyes and who might be staggering but certainly wasn't dead yet. Fayre Hedron was padding after him and crying, and that didn't make sense either.

"I figure you're due for six feet in the sand, cousin," said the dead man grimly. "But I'd first like to talk to Timor."

"The old house-boy . . . why of course," said Marvin shakily, "What's happened to you?"

"Chalmers might be able to figure that out," said Mad Harry Owens. "Except I think he's feeding the land crabs now. I just want to know something first. Give a shout for Timor."

"Why, sure," said Verrill shakily. "He'll be here. Let me fix your arm."

"My arm won't rest easy yet," said Mad Harry quietly. Fayre Hedron pulled at him and half turned him around. "Harry! you can't do this! Your father. . ."

"I'm taking care of my father," said Mad Harry harshly. "This is my business. Stay out!" And for the first time in her life Fayre Hedron found herself pushed aside and ignored. Old Timor came on the veranda and his face was gray.

"Only one thing, Timor," said Mad Harry, and his voice was gentle for the moment. "You don't need to be afraid to answer now. What killed my father? I know it wasn't island fever."

The old Kanaka stood there and then went down on his knees, and started to crawl down towards the swaying captain.

"You don't need that," said Mad Harry shortly. "You held me when I was a child and of all men you taught me many things. So stand up and speak and my word on it, you carry no blame. What killed my father?"

Timor stood up and not looking at the rage-convulsed face of Marvin Verrill, pointed at the growing crimson stain spreading down Mad Harry's shirt front.

"Lead," he said simply. "From behind the frangipani's."

"So I thought," whispered Mad Harry. "The old man hung up his guns too soon and my dear cousin was in a hurry. . . . Timor, fetch his guns!"

"Now listen, Owens," Marvin started. "You're crazy. I didn't kill your father."

"Maybe Miss Hedron's got her own ideas about it now," said Mad Harry drily. Fayre only whimpered behind him and he laughed. "I don't shoot unarmed men. Fetch his guns, Timor. I might even gamble and give him first shot."

"That's murder . . . that's . . . you can't do it, Harry. I'm your cousin. . . ."

"Was," said the other man drily. "I'm hit bad and it should be easy. . . . Fasten the belts on, Timor."

"You can't do this," said Fayre, passionately clinging to his arm. He flung her off without comment. "You know the law of the Island, Timor. He wouldn't even get a chance in the council. . . . I'm giving him one. Make your play, cousin. I ain't got too long to wait with the hole your pal Chalmers put in my shoulder. . . ." Fayre caught his arm again and checked him.

"All right, you damned killer," snarled Verrill seeing his chance. "Take it and the sharks'll have you in the morning."

He shot from both guns and Mad Harry gave him more than a fair chance. One bullet whirled by Mad Harry's white-topped cap and the other nicked his wrist. The Captain lifted his own gun tiredly and shot once and Marvin Verrill dropped like a falling tree. Mad Harry did not even bother to shoot again. He toppled slowly and fell and when he came to it was to find Timor plugging his wounds and his head held tenderly on Fayre Hedron's shoulder.

"Darling," she was saying. "Oh, my darling." He felt sleepy and very, very happy.

"I guess you get the atoll, darling," he said. "I got Trochus Island and the old man's guns. Only one man's been on Trochus to find out if the gold reef was there. I'll make the second. I guess the old man meant that. You'd better stay on the atoll. It's a hell of a lot safer. And come to think of it there might be a lot of girls on Trochus."

"I'll take care of them!" she said fiercely. "And if you think I'm not sailing with you, you're not Mad Harry Owens."

"You can always prove I'm not," he said weakly. "You might give me a kiss without me taking one!"

THE END

the cause your memory serves



You who served in either or both of two great world conflicts know too well that "weakness cannot co-operate . . . it can only beg"—that in two tragic trials your country won victory only through valiant effort and the sacrifice of men who might today be living if we had acted wisely in their time.

Armistice Day, 1947, serves to remind us all that the future *must* bring solid attainment in world peace. To do its part in building order, your nation must sustain its leadership in the moral and physical rehabilitation of the world. It can succeed in doing so only if it preserves the strength with which it holds the attention and respect of other nations.

The finest in research, development, and equipment is not enough to keep your Army and Air Force equal to their vital missions. Each must continue to get the kind of men who, by their initiative, intelligence and imagination, form the living sinews of our hope for tomorrow.

You know these needs in true perspective. You can help to meet them by advising young men you know to serve their country now.

U. S. ARMY AND AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE

**YOUR ARMY AND AIR FORCE SERVE THE NATION AND
MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE**

WHAT MAKES YOUR JOB

(Continued from page 13)

but another word for jobs—it has come out of profits.

From nowhere else.

Multiplication. That was the rule that built this country. Not the rule of subtraction that always exists in nations where the State is supreme. But, the rule of multiplication in the hands of its citizens.

Many of us have got away from that thought in recent years and have been less American than we were. We have been tossing our individual problems into the laps of others, government mostly. For too long a time we have been listening to voices trying to persuade us that business is wicked because to operate successfully it must have profits. Incidentally, the average profit of all American corporations in 1946 was something less than five percent.

We should not forget that if by Government decree or union demand business is kept from making a profit we are locking ourselves out of our own jobs.

We should not forget that when we turn over our problems—even the problem of a job—to Government the rule of multiplication begins to work for it and the rule of subtraction begins to work on us.

Or, to put it another way:

Government can only get possessions for itself by dispossessing its citizens. As for the problems turned over to it, they always remain unanswered.

Take a look at any Government-owned operation you want to name. You will find that *given an even break* a privately-owned company in a similar field will give better service at less cost to the consumer, including the Post Office Department. Not only that, but the privately-owned operation will show a profit at the same time the Government-owned operation is showing a loss.

Having the power, Government taxes everybody to make up its losses.

That is what I meant when I said to have possessions for itself Government must dispossess its citizens. Yet many seem unable to see possession in any other light.

Back in 1933, when uninformed minds swept over industry they paused long enough to give the solution to the seasonal layoffs in the automobile industry.

"All you have to do," said John L. Lewis, "is to make so many automobiles, divide them by twelve, and give the public that many each month."

Apparently it never occurred to the theorists that the public decides when it wants to spend its money for automobiles and manufacturers have to arrange their schedules accordingly.

There can be no continuity of employment without production.

There can be no annual wage without production.

There can be no such thing as a steady job without production.

Production. That is the fundamental. Put the problem on that basis and it can be dealt with. It can be dealt with because all the slogans are intended to mean is a wage return sufficient to meet the yearly needs, and have something left over for the family kitty.

The attempts by union labor over the years to shorten the work period would have failed had not labor-saving devices been installed generally in factories. These—labor-saving devices and public sympathy—over the years brought the reduction from 16 hours a day to 8 hours.

Can they say—can anyone say—what the length of the work day will be twenty five years from now?

The two things that seem to concern union and political economic theorists most are:

1. Wages, in terms of money; and
2. Work, in terms of employment.

What they should concern themselves with are:

1. Real wages, in terms of what money will buy; and
2. Work, in terms of production per hour.

They, and we, should be interested in real wages and productive hours of work because on them rests the future of this country—and, the world.

Money is nothing but a medium of exchange. It is worth only what it will buy. Real wages are the wages that buy more. For illustration, if a dollar will buy more than ten dollars then a wage of one dollar is better than a wage of ten dollars.

That is obvious.

It is equally obvious that wages, if they

are to be *real* wages, must be based on hours of productive work and not on the ritual of checking a time clock.

All of which brings us to consideration of the practicality of continuity of employment (or the annual wage) in the automobile industry—and, in case you are wondering why I keep referring to the automobile industry it is because one in every seven jobs in this country is dependent upon that industry.

Going back to the public habit of seasonally spending its money for automobiles it is apparent that automobile companies cannot operate full force through twelve months a year. Where would they find storage space for finished cars? If storage space could be found that cost would have to be passed along to the purchaser, thus imposing an unwarranted tax. In addition, even the largest of the companies could not afford the freezing of such large sums of money for an indeterminate length of time.

If the union leaders (the industry is almost 100 percent unionized) and the management would get together and work out a program under which a minimum number of productive hours of work would be guaranteed for each union member, the problem of the annual wage would answer itself.

Now I have no knowledge of what the number of productive hours should be, nor what the individual production per hour should be. But the principle is right and if applied would work.

The application itself would require study and when worked out would reflect itself throughout our entire economy.

Of late, in their dealings with each other, labor leaders and leaders in management seem to be obsessed with the notion that company profits should be divided between them, and wage hikes passed along for the public to pay.

Profit sharing is a three-way, not a two-way, obligation.

The first share, before anyone else gets anything, belongs to the public.

One day a number of years ago I was talking with Henry Ford on exactly this question.

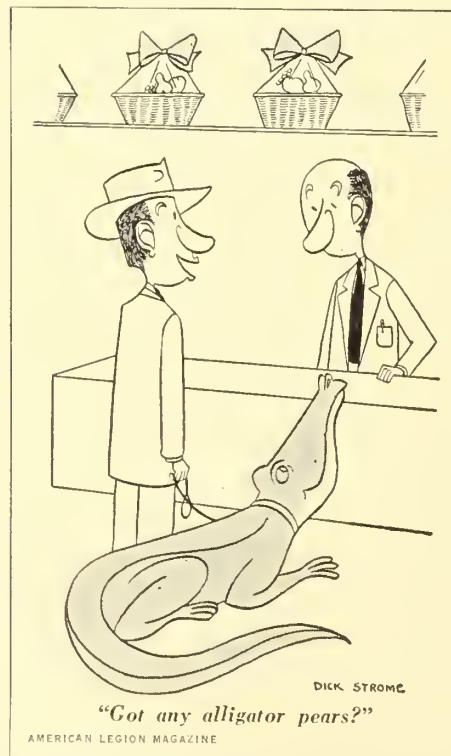
"What is the secret of success in business?" I asked.

"Service," he promptly answered. "A man who starts in business and puts profits first and service second will soon find himself with no profits. If he puts service first, and keeps it there, profits will take care of themselves."

That was Henry Ford's way of saying profits must first be shared with the public in the way of better products at less cost.

If labor and management (to use general terms) expect to continue as free agents they will have to remember to share with their most important partner—the public. This partner is in control, and will have it no other way, because any other way is cock-eyed.

THE END



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LINING 'EM UP

(Continued from page 19)

barrels—even though such cartridges will kill a man quicker and farther away than dozens of old type larger foreign souvenir calibers which legally are required to be registered if barrels are just a fraction under 18"!

There are many other oversights and "hookers" in the law, but that example gives a general idea.

The National Firearms Act requires that certain classes of firearms be registered with the local Alcohol Tax Unit of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Transfer of registration whether by sale or gift requires payment of a fee of \$200 for each such transfer!

This Act became effective July 30, 1938. It was originally designed as a crime prevention measure. The specific provisions which most veterans should know are contained in Section 2733 of the Act as follows: "(a) Firearms—The term 'firearm' means a shotgun or rifle having a barrel less than 18" in length, or any other weapon except a pistol or revolver, from which a shot is discharged by an explosive if such weapon is capable of being concealed on the person, or a machine gun, and includes a muffler or silencer for any firearm whether or not such firearm is included within the foregoing definition, but

does not include any rifle which is within the foregoing provisions solely by reason of the length of the barrel if the caliber of such rifle is .22 or smaller and if its barrel is sixteen inches or more in length."

Let us break down that involved definition. The Treasury has provided a more specific list which will help you determine if your souvenir (or any other firearm you possess) is subject to Federal registration. At this point one thing should be made clear: While over-zealous officials have ruined thousands of weapons submitted to them, *there is positively no provision in the law which authorizes mutilation or destruction of any legally acquired weapon.*

As a law-abiding citizen, every Legionnaire should be ready to submit *machine weapons* to welding treatment which will render them useless as weapons without impairing their looks as souvenirs. However, the law does not require it. In the interest of his constitutional rights he should not permit destruction of *rifles or shotguns*, though on some occasions it may be thought wise to permit ruining pistols and revolvers to render them inoperative. Even here care must be exercised, as under the laws of certain States as interpreted by the police, even a non-operating revolver or pistol may still come under some anti-gun laws. In other words, even if it is inoperative, a revolver or pistol can get you in police trouble in some areas.

Here is exactly where you stand on the ownership of specific classes of firearms as regards Federal registration:

Shotguns and combination shotguns-and-rifles: If the barrels are 18" or longer, no registration is required *regardless of where the weapons were manufactured.* To this rule there is just one exception. If the stock has been sawed down enough to permit the weapon to be carried concealed (say, under a raincoat), then the arm must be registered. Since such an arm is useless for any sporting or target purpose, its use is confined to special guard duty or criminal perversion. Sawed-off shotguns are by far the most dangerous close-quarters weapons ever designed, and no one except duly licensed guards or collectors has any legitimate reason for owning them. *Rifles:* If the caliber is .22 or less, the arm does not require registration except where the barrel is *under 16"*. This applies whether the caliber is the cheap .22 gallery or plinking rifle, or the high velocity super .22 type.

If the caliber is *above .22*, regardless of whether the rifle is an ancient 1871 Mauser single shot carbine or a strictly modern magazine rifle, registration is required when the barrel length is *less than 18"*. . . . This classification is the most troublesome to law-abiding veterans. For instance, the carbine you carried during the war may require registration under a strict in-

terpretation of this law, since early patterns and barrels measure 17.75". The present specifications call for 18" barrels, and the War Department has formally requested the Bureau of Internal Revenue to consider all these carbines as having 18" barrels and being non-registerable. However, since the gangster "Bugsy" Siegel was murdered in Los Angeles with a U.S. M 1 Carbine (as shown by the bullets and cases spewed out by the firing) there is no telling what action may eventually develop on this arm, ridiculous though the hair-splitting may seem. In view of the millions made, some carbines are bound to leak out to be used in crimes; but hysteria about them is entirely unwarranted. People are killed with bread knives, too, but up to this point hysteria hasn't gotten around to licensing them. Of course, *any* rifle which has a stock cut down enough to make the arm concealable on the person requires registration for the same reason

as a sawedoff shotgun. Such an arm is essentially a criminal's weapon.

Pistols and Revolvers: Positively NO REGISTRATION IS REQUIRED if they are standard pocket or holster arms which fire one shot for each pull of the trigger. These weapons may require a *State License*, depending on where you live. They do NOT require Federal registration.

An exception to this rule is that if the pistol or revolver is *accompanied by a shoulder stock*, it must be registered. In short, if you have a Luger, Mauser, CZ, Browning, Radom, Star or similar pistol machined to receive a shoulder stock, and if the stock accompanies the pistol, the arm is registerable. Similarly, if you have a Galand or other revolver accompanied by a stock which can be attached to it, that arm must be registered.

Any practical shooter will feel that this provision is stupid, since the weapon could be equally well supported for firing from

the shoulder by wiring it to a stick or board. Granted! But the law is the law. So either (a) throw the stock away; (b) grind the pistol or revolver butt so the stock cannot be attached; or (c) register it and be prepared to lay out 200 bucks when you give it away or sell it!

"Any Other Weapon Except a Pistol or Revolver, etc.": This trick phrase originally covered cane guns, watch guns, knife guns, and the like. It also covers the clever but foolish belt buckle gun developed by the Germans, the incredible mitt-pistol developed for naval intelligence, the unbelievable pencil guns, pipe guns and other wacky gadgets developed for OSS by people who knew more about pulp magazine plots than about firearms. If you have one of these dime-novel wonders, better write us about registration and let the Federal boys fix it so it won't fire.

Machine Gun: Under this classification comes any arm "designed or altered so that it is capable of firing more than one shot with one continuous pull of the trigger, such as a machine gun or machine pistol."

This covers any machine gun, land or air type; any submachine gun, rigid, folding or detachable stock type; and any machine pistol such as the Mauser Rapid Fire, Astra, Azul, Star or similar weapon fitted with a switch which will permit firing more than one shot with one trigger pull. It also includes any auto pistol of any type or make which has been deliberately altered to permit it to fire more than one shot for each trigger pull.

It is specifically recommended that if you own such an arm you arrange *at once* not only to have it registered, but to have it thoroughly decommissioned. *Any* full automatic arm is a potential criminal danger to the community at large except when under direct police or military control. You may cherish it as a war trophy. That is fine and commendable. But in this case the danger of such a weapon falling into the hands of criminals or inexperienced people far outweighs your own rights to its possession.

Remember that ammunition is readily obtainable in this country for most European machine weapons. Hence if such an arm finds its way into wrong hands, it will be definitely dangerous.

NOTE: If you possess any full machine arms which you want to retain as souvenirs, if you will drop us a line we will arrange to have the Bureau of Internal Revenue weld them so as to render them unserviceable while at the same time not injuring their appearance. This will be done entirely without cost to you. Address, Arms Editor, American Legion Magazine, One Park Ave., New York City 16.

Muffler or Silencer: All such devices must be registered. Curiously enough, these items were perfectly legal in such widely different countries as Germany and England before the War but hysteria due to



fiction and moving picture treatment of silencers in this country has given them a reputation they do not deserve. On revolvers they are actually of very little value because gas (and consequent noise) escapes at the joint between the cylinder and the barrel. On rifles they are of little value because of the bullet "crack" when velocity is higher than that of sound waves (about 1025 f.p.s.). On certain types of pistols they are effective enough that they might have some criminal value, but such instances are very rare.

If you own a silencer, either an old American Maxim, a domestic War II type, or a German or English special duty design, either register or destroy it. If you possess a foreign device and wish to keep it as a souvenir, we will be glad to arrange to have the Bureau of Internal Revenue render it unserviceable without ruining its appearance.

While the official U. S. Carbine used a smaller cartridge than the rifle, most foreign carbines use the same cartridge as their official rifles. If you have a foreign carbine or short rifle, measure the barrel to be sure it is longer than required under the National Firearms Act to avoid registration (18").

All arms requiring Federal registration should be so registered. All personal machine weapons should be completely deactivated. However, in the interest of both National Defense and the sporting interests of the 14,000,000 purchasers of hunting licenses, over-zealous officials should

not be permitted to harass legitimate sportsmen, nor to destroy or mutilate souvenir arms which do not come under the provisions of the law.

Enforcement of the National Firearms Act got off to a bad start due to understandable hysteria after War II, and there were many abuses of authority. However, it cannot be stated too emphatically here that the present policy of the Bureau of Internal Revenue is an honest and intelligent one. That department is seeking to apply the law fairly for the common good.

If you are in doubt about any of your arms, we will be glad to try to straighten you out. Send us a photograph or sketch of the arm, together with a list of any markings on it and a description including the barrel length. If it requires registration or mutilation, we will try to make such arrangements for you.

Foreign Arms Progress

Illustrated on Page 19 are two Czech auto rifles which indicate the arms progress being made abroad. The Czechs are already producing improved military and sporting rifles, as well as auto shotguns and pistols for export.

New and improved designs are being made in Argentinian, Danish, Spanish, Swedish and Swiss arms plants. All American manufacturers, as well as our Ordnance Department, will do well to keep abreast of how the rest of the world is taking advantage of design and manufacturing lessons taught by the War.

THE END

A GUY CALLED KELLY

(Continued from page 14)

suspicion because of a harrowing experience when we were flying the Aleutians. A replacement man had yanked the red handle to drop the whole bottom out of our ship; and Joey had darn near frozen to death before we made our base.

I nodded and expressed my confidence in Kelly's ability.

Johnny Duke, our pilot, called for a gun check; and after firing a few bursts, I called Kelly on inter-com to see how he was doing.

"Six, two and even," he replied. "Only I'd like to meet the guy that invented this flak suit." He referred to a new job which had just been issued by the brains department, a thing that reached to one's ankles and weighed a ton.

"Never mind comfort," I said. "Just make sure that gimmick is on right. It can be man's best friend at the altitude we're flying tonight."

"Roger, will do."

The first flashes of ack-ack appeared, to tell us that shore batteries had detected us. The stuff was high and sporadic. They were looking for us at our usual thirty-odd thousand feet. Molten streamers from a high bursting phosphorus shell spread

before our course. Pretty stuff, but dangerous. Those fiery tentacles could burn through the wings to fuel tanks with the speed of thermite.

"Quite a show," observed Kelly from the nose. "Just like Palisades Park on the Fourth." I smiled at the simile. A sense of humor is good when you're girding for battle.

The flak grew thicker and more accurate. Long purple tracers spat at us from automatic ground batteries. Now I could discern the gigantic pall of smoke between us and the target. Our preceding squadrons had scored heavily.

I took another hitch in my safety belt and braced myself. We hit that Stygian mass at better than three hundred an hour indicated, almost did a wing-over as a thermal updraft batted us upwards. It was rugged. *Bad Girl* bucked and yawed like a Taylor Cub in a hurricane. Acrid smoke bit at my nostrils, irritated my eyes. I had a quick mental picture of Duke hunched over his wheel, pouring on the coal as he bucked that awful blackness. The ship literally creaked at the buffeting.

Carleton was taking it in his stride.

"Navigator to bombardier . . . we are leveling for the bomb run; are you ready? Over."

Kelly repeated his signals, advised that



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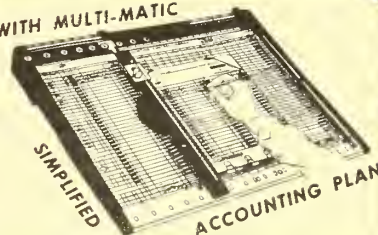
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bomb-bay doors were open, didn't forget to check with me about the bomb spotter.

We broke out of that smoke pall at full throttle. There it was. The whole, fearsome holocaust of a city in agony. For the first time since we left Saipan, I could see the other ships in our squadron: Each methodically dropped bombs on the example of their lead ships. The fire missiles hit and detonated in huge geysers of molten metal, splattered over block square areas. It seemed as though a thousand Bessemer converters had spilled their satanic spelter into the streets below.

"Bombs away!" yelled Kelly.

I followed the progress of the clusters through the finder of my bomb-spotter, saw them smack right into the power house which had been our particular objective. But the job wasn't over. A quick lurch of *Bad Girl*, then a bank, indicated that we were going into evasive tactics. It meant that fighters had spotted us in the glare, were closing in. I slewed around to see one coming at us from two o'clock. His guns winked malevolently, but the tracer ripped

automatic tracer zipping up from outer defenses. Another five minutes saw us out over the water and heading south. Time once again caught up with us, and I slipped back my helmet to sop the sweat from my face and neck, slumped there, breathing heavily as I wondered the identity of the ship we had seen blown to bits. After a spell I called Kelly to tell him that he had laid his eggs right in the basket.

"Roger," he answered. "Quite a show . . . hope the pictures come out—" His voice faltered, then continued: "Jeez, do you know, I think I was hit! Right in the damn belly . . . blood . . . warm blood—"

Johnny Duke's voice cut in. "Better scramble up forward, Pete. Kelly just passed out . . . he needs help."

I crawled through the tunnel in jig time to see Kelly sprawled on his back, his left arm flung across the auto-pilot controls. He wasn't unconscious, just helpless, a pained, bewildered expression on his face. "What do you know," he muttered. "My first mission and I have to get hit . . . right in the bread basket." He

spoke: "I'm hit, Pete. Hurts like blazes . . . my leg—"

Then I found it—a warm, sodden mass of cloth on the outer side of his right thigh. The radio man quickly slit the pants leg to reveal the wound—a single fifty calibre hole. Probably a stray from a ground battery, a single bullet which managed to slip in between the edges of the flak snit panels. We washed out the wound, dusted it with sulfa powder, and applied a compress. Then I made another exploration but could find no egress on the inner side of the thigh. Kelly caught my grave expression.

"A bad one, eh, Pete?"

I nodded. There was no use kidding him. The absence of an outlet wound could mean one thing—the slug had traveled upwards to penetrate the lower folds of the intestine, and lodge in the abdominal cavity. Nothing but surgery could do much good there.

What a hell of a deal, I thought. Six and a half more hours before we could reach the nearest base, and here was a guy literally bleeding his guts out. All we could do was to administer plasma, treat for shock and wait. I pocketed a morphine ampule just in case.

The kid perked up after the plasma injection and asked for a cigarette. I obliged, and after a few puffs he spoke again. "How about that coffee break . . . what did you see back there?"

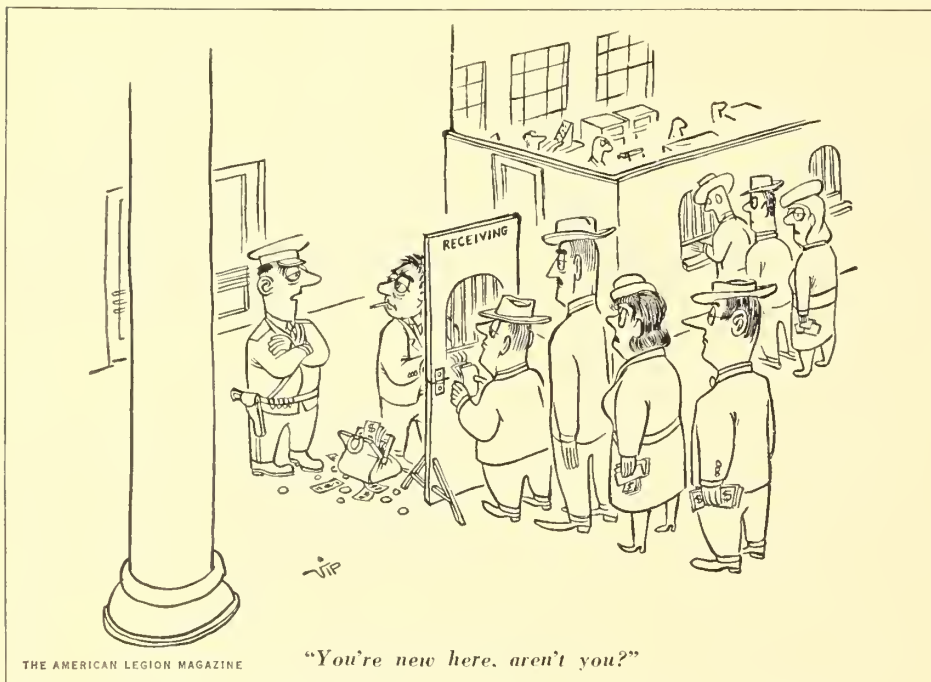
We all related our individual reactions, perhaps laying it on a little thick to divert the kid from his thoughts.

A radio commentator was already announcing the damage of our raid as secured from neutral sources. I slipped the headphones over Kelly's ears and he slanted me a satisfied smile.

Just for the book I made a pulse and temperature check. Both were abnormal but not excessive. Then when I bent closer to readjust the blankets, a funny thing happened. The kid raised his arm to finger my face. It was a sort of groping, half affectionate gesture, and when he patted my cheek I felt a bit embarrassed. I had never had a man do that to me before. But since it seemed to please him I didn't pull away. "Good old Pete," he whispered. "Bet you never thought you'd be wet nursing me on such short notice. You're a real friend."

"Forget it, Larry," I told him. "You know what the French always say. 'C'est la guerre.'"

Our conversation took another tack. Speaking hurriedly, anxiously, as though to obliterate the gnawing pain which must have been wracking his vitals, Kelly asked me about myself, personal things. His eyes warmed when I told him I was a New Yorker; then a wistful look came over his face when I mentioned my family and home life.



far over our back. Then another bandit attempted a tighter pass and I gave him a few bursts. He flipped over and went down in a long, flaming arc.

Bang! *Bad Girl* shivered as a blast of heavy ack-ack slammed against her sides. Then another dose peppered our tail structure. They were tracking us and throwing up the book. Duke went into a long, flat dive to pick up knots as we headed for the coast and darkness. Searchlights fingered our course, but finally converged to bracket another Superfort off to our left. There was a sudden flash and the whole ship disintegrated. A direct hit!

We reached the zone of darkness but still zig-zagged between the screen of

took a deep breath and grimaced.

The dirty, gray light of the dawn's first streaks made his bad color seem all the more ghastly. I called to the radio man for the plasma kit, and jerked the emergency tab of Kelly's flak suit to remove the front panel. It only took seconds to strip him to his pelt. But then I stopped. There was no trace of a wound on his abdomen.

"Are you kidding?" I asked, thinking, hoping, that perhaps the baptismal of heavy fire had tintured his imagination. It is not unusual.

I should have known better. Beads of cold perspiration dotted his forehead and upper lip; saliva trickled from his quivering lips; there was pain in his glance. He

"That's something I wouldn't know much about," he commented. "I was still going to school when I enlisted."

Kelly's next words broke my trance. "Yeah," he began, "there is a lot of unfinished business ahead for me. I was just getting organized when Pearl Harbor happened. Things had been pretty tough when I was a kid. You know Tenth Avenue in the Forties. That's where I lived . . . a mean, cold-water flat. After mother died, the old man hit the jug pretty hard and I was left pretty much on my own . . . ran with a tough gang of kids.

"Then I got religion. Back one day when I was about fifteen a gang of us decided to polish off another mob which operated on Ninth Avenue, at Forty-second. The battle took place right in front of Holy Cross Rectory, and in the midst of the melee a cobbler smashed one of the church windows. The rest of the mob scrambled but I was collared by a cop and was just about to be hauled off to the station house when a young priest interceded."

I halted the tale to light up fresh smokes. Kelly continued: "The priest went home with me and after one look at the flat and my old man he got the score, pulled no punches. The result was a deal whereby we both placed ourselves in his care. That was when I first learned about Father Duffy, the famous World War I chaplain of the old 69th. Holy Cross, you know, was his church, and his tolerant philosophy guided the policy accorded to the wayward. The fact that he had passed on only served to strengthen such efforts. It wasn't long before I was indoctrinated with that fine man's views, and realized that it was within my power to make a good life for myself. We soon had a better home and I was well on my way to an engineering degree when the classification boys decided I would qualify as a bombardier."

"They were right, kid," I said. "You got the job done."

Kelly stared at the flight engineer's panel of instruments for a long time before he spoke again. "How much longer to the base, Pete?"

"About three hours. . . . Comes high noon you'll be having your brow cooled by the lily white hand of some pretty nurse while Rosey O'Donnell pins a Purple Heart to your nightshirt."

If he heard the crack he failed to notice it. He was back in New York. "You know," he said, "I felt pretty swell the day I first got into my uniform. Went right over to Broadway, and stood in front of Father Duffy's statue for a long time. I suppose it was kid stuff, but I couldn't help saluting and making a mental resolution to make good."

"Tell you what, Larry," I interrupted. "When this show is all over we will both march up to him and make a report."

The kid smiled but added no further comment. His color was bad now; and I could tell that his temperature was up.

"Take a break for a snooze," I suggested. "It helps."

Somewhat later an almost animal groan broke from his lips. Then a yell of sheer agony.

"Don't hold it back, Kid," I urged. "Make all the racket you want if it helps." His reply was in a piteous half whisper and gasp. "I don't think I can take this much longer . . . burns like a red hot poker."

That was when I let him have the morphine ampule. The dope didn't knock him out but he relaxed.

It is an awful thing to stand by helplessly and watch a man slowly die. I wasn't even of Kelly's faith, could offer him but slight succor there. But inside I was praying, begging the Lord to help me. Then in my frantic gropings my thoughts went back to Sunday school days and I suddenly found myself voicing long forgotten words, the passages of the Twenty-third Psalm. I shall never discount the power of Scripture after what I saw those words do. A great calmness altered the lad's stricken features as I began:

"The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters—"

Kelly's eyes closed and he was smiling again.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me—"

Johnny Duke's clipped order for wheels down interrupted me. He shot off a flare to indicate an emergency landing, banked, and dropped the flaps in quick, co-ordinated moves. We were in!

The rumble of the flaps roused Kelly. He perked open an eye and spoke: "Nice going, Johnny Duke. Did I forget to tell you that your ship is a sweetheart?"

"Our ship, feller," corrected Duke softly, never taking his eyes from the strip as he jockeyed the wheel. *Bad Girl* touched the earth with a kiss, rolled true and smooth. Kelly sighed and spoke again, eyes closed.

"That's better, Pete. We made it . . . mission completed."

Bad Girl wheeled off the strip and braked to a stop. I was already unlatching the hatch-way when I noticed that Kelly was speaking again. I knelt closer to catch his words. He was saying the Lord's Prayer: ". . . and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Johnny Duke cut the switches and the thundering engines rocked to a stop. Now the cabin became a haven of peace and quiet. Kelly's face was suddenly trans-

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formed as though some mystic hand had passed by to erase all traces of pain and agony. Gently, ever so gently, his body relaxed. I had seen that phenomenon all too often not to recognize it. Lawrence Aloysius Kelly's spirit had fled his body at the very instant those four throbbing motors ceased to revolve. Their dynamic, surging power had been the magic force which had sustained him so long.

Yes, Father Duffy's statue means a lot to me now. I sometimes stand before it when things go haywire. I like to think that the good man is gazing down at his parish, smiling proudly, where he stands in Valhalla, with his arms around the shoulders of a guy called Kelly. THE END

WANT TO BE A TENDERFOOT

(Continued from page 23)

Piecrust smelled the bear on his back, leaped about four feet into the air, bawled, sank his head, and lunged forward. The clothesline post, rotten at the ground line, snapped off. A second later the wire clothesline, hung with Lof's weekly washing, parted with a resonant twang. Piecrust went sunfishing across the yard, dragging the post, clothesline and laundry, and showering canned goods and bear hides in all directions. A malign fate headed him at the cherished greenhouse, Charlie, in a desperate attempt to avert catastrophe, grabbed the trailing clothesline, but was jerked off his feet and dragged in a smother of red underwear and sugar-sack pillowcases.

"Stop that horse!" Lof screamed from the kitchen doorway. "My greenhouse! My greenhouse!" Old Frank tried. He snatched up a reata and shook out a loop, but was an instant too late. Piecrust's left pannier struck the corner of the greenhouse, and the flying post whipped through a bank of panes and caught on the studding. That was the end of the greenhouse. The impact of the hurtling bronk's 1,100 pounds brought it down with a magnificent crash of glass. Old Frank fore-footed the horse barely in time to prevent Charlie from being dragged through the wreckage. Lof rushed out and stood gazing at the heap of broken glass and splintered wood. He gulped painfully, and brushed the back of a hand across his eyes.

"My beautiful greenhouse!" he groaned. "My poor cucumbers and tomatoes!"

Charlie looked so miserable and guilty that I was certain he had at last seen the light and would cease encumbering us with aid. But I underestimated him. "I'll pay for a new greenhouse," he assured us, "and for whatever else has been smashed, torn down or uprooted. It was all my fault, and believe me it has taught me a lesson. From now on, when I help you fellows pack the horses, you can load the bear hides yourselves."

Then there was Col. Carter McCord, sometime infantry ordnance officer, whom

I took into the high, beautiful Kashwitna wilderness for white bighorn sheep and grizzly bear. McCord's trouble was that he hadn't learned how to enjoy the wilds; and when he did learn, he did it the hard way. He was a gun crank, more interested in ballistics than in trophies, and more concerned with foot-pounds of impact than with scenery or the thrills of a close stalk. He took two white rams but was only mildly enthusiastic over their heads. What fascinated him was the damage his bullets had done. I had to perform a careful post-mortem on each animal, opening up the wound channels and probing for broken bones and bits of cupro-nickel from the bullets, while McCord hovered over me making notes and taking photographs. I felt like a butcher. For the only time in my life I wasn't getting any fun out of a hunting trip. I didn't see any sport in shooting game animals to find out what sort of holes you could blast through them. If there had been any way to do it, I would have called the hunt off and told McCord to find himself a guide, if he could, who shared his idea of a good time.

It took a Kashwitna grizzly to transform McCord from a cold, unemotional, one-track-minded misfit into a likeable sportsman. We had climbed a long talus slope, heading for the moraines of a glacier-rimmed hanging basin where grizzlies often ranged in late autumn. As we approached an open summit above the moraines, a trickle of sand spilled off a ledge and showered McCord and his rifle. He at once began worrying about the gun. Actually, there wasn't enough sand in it to affect its performance, but McCord fretted, and complained, and kept halting to dab at the weapon with his handkerchief. I was carrying no rifle myself. If I had been I would have traded with him. As it was, I told him he had better forget about the few grains of sand and concentrate on looking for a grizzly, because it was practically a cinch that some of the animals were in the vicinity, and I wanted to sight them before they sighted us.

"No real rifleman," he informed me coldly, "trusts a dirty gun. And this one is dirty."

I let him have it his way. When we reached the top of the talus, he sat down to rest a moment, and I went on the remaining few yards to the summit for a look down the other side. A pair of ravens were circling in the bright air, squawking their heads off, and in a moment I saw what had attracted them. About one hundred yards below me, in the shadow of a great lichen-encrusted boulder, stood a grizzly. He was feeding from the carcass of a young mountain ram which he presumably had ambushed from the concealment the boulder offered. The Kashwitna grizzlies are large, and this was a big one. He had a handsome pelt, deep mahogany in color, with a sprinkling of pale hairs along the back and neck which gave him the

appearance of having a silvery mane. I began easing back over the summit.

The grizzly saw me. Just as I moved he raised his head to look at the croaking ravens, and I was in his line of vision. At this distance, with the sun behind me, he couldn't have known what I was. Probably he thought I was another animal, bent on stealing his kill. In any case, his back hair jerked up, and he flung himself upon the sheep carcass, covering it with his body while he popped his teeth and roared repeatedly. He was an extremely hostile grizzly, and was broadcasting the fact. I ducked back over the summit and ran down to McCord.

"Your grizzly," I panted, "is just over the summit. He's a big one. He——"

Suddenly I saw what McCord was doing, and it gave me one of the major shocks of my career as a dude-wrangler. He had taken his rifle apart and was cleaning it. I mean to say, he really had taken the weapon down. He carried a pocket kit of gun tools, and had removed every pin, screw and bolt that could be removed. I had seen dudes do some foolish things, but this topped them all. Nobody could have improved on it. It was a boner in a class all by itself, a masterpiece, one for the book, a deal to write home about. I was about to tell McCord this, when I saw that for the first time in our acquaintance the ineffable guy was showing a normal human reaction. His hands had started to shake.

"Oh, my lord!" he said. "I thought I'd have time to clean out that sand."

He began frantically assembling the rifle bolt, but in his haste dropped one of the pieces, and as he reached for it, dropped another. I tried to help him, but we got in each other's way. It was a scene for a comedy routine. When he had succeeded after several trials, in putting the bolt together, he couldn't find the magazine spring and the receiver sight.

"I've never killed a grizzly. I've never even seen one," he said as we combed the moss for the missing parts.

Shale tinkled above us. We turned as one man and looked up at the crest. "You're seeing one now," I told him.

The bear, dark and shaggy, skylined against a pile of dazzling white cloud, was a sight to send tingles jittering up your spine. I don't know what the animal's intentions were. I knew he could reach us in under ten seconds.

"I've got a single-shot rifle with no rear sight," McCord said. "What'll I do?"

"It's still a better rifle than your grandfather had," I said, hoping I sounded calm and collected. "Shoot your bear before he gets tired of standing there."

McCord did all right. He wasn't a stuffy gun-crank now; he was a bear-hunting dude, and he had what the situation required. He hand-fed a shell into the rifle, pointed the gun, and fired. The bear fell, rolled, got up facing us, and charged head-

long, bawling. McCord fumbled the next shell, and it dropped into the spring-less magazine. He shook it out, cussing himself, and shoved it into the chamber and slammed the bolt home. The bullet hit the bear between the shoulder blades, as pretty a shot as a guide ever saw, and the animal went over in a somersault and rolled past us, to pile up against a boulder, stone dead.

I broke two matches trying to light a cigaret. McCord, perspiring freely, took his handkerchief from his pocket to mop his forehead, and the two missing gun parts fell out of it. We stood there laughing at each other. I have since made three hunts with McCord. He is a great fellow. All he needed to learn was that the purpose of a hunting trip is to enjoy the wilderness and the game in it, and that, on a hunting trip, a rifle is only a tool, like an ax, a canoe paddle or a skinning knife. I heard that during the late war he demonstrated to troops that you could pour sand into a rifle and still use it effectively. I'll bet that every time he did it he was thinking about his Kashwitna grizzly.

George Winters, with whom I occasionally hunt in Old Mexico, is the happy-go-lucky type of dude, who has a grand time, makes friends wherever he goes, and causes his guides to age prematurely. The last time we hunted together we went into the Sierra Pinitos, Sonora, for tigers, dwarf Sonora white-tail deer, wild turkeys and javalinas. The Mexican cattleman at whose mountain ranch we outfitted, an old friend of mine, insisted, with traditional ranchero hospitality, in sending us out in style. He gave us an amazing entourage of horses, dogs, mules, packers, assistant packers, local guides, wranglers, cooks and various nondescript hangers-on whose functions I never did discover. To further complicate the expedition, sundry line-riders and mountain folk with nothing else to do joined us as we moved along. We looked like one of the outfits Pancho Villa had when he was the big man in these sun-stricken, cactus-studded eagle peaks.

George was delighted by all this pomp. He said it made him feel like an authentic Great White Hunter. His only complaint was that I hadn't given him a fiery steed as his saddle mount. Like all dudes, he wanted a horse that would prance and dance, a high-headed, snorty, curvetting mount that would bounce ten feet every time you touched it with a spur. Instead, I had given him an elderly, easy-going skewbald gelding named Maize Azul—Blue Corn—who knew where his feet were all the time and what they were for, who apparently had no nerves, and whose bony head contained plenty of sound horse sense. George had discovered that there were two thousand broke saddle horses on the ranch, and he accused me of screening them all to find the worst one. He was partly right—I screened a lot of them be-

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fore I found Maize Azul. If I hadn't found the skewbald, I doubt that George would be alive today.

The hunt was unusually successful because we were able to keep so many scouts afield that we always knew where game was located. We took turkeys, deer, doves, pigs and quail, and our cooks did wonderful things with them. Then, one morning, Tony Morales, my assistant guide, came in with the news that two vaqueros had seen a *tigre*. They had sighted the animal in a deep barranca, feeding from the carcass of a deer. Tony suggested that we move camp down into the barranca and beat the scrub for the *tigre*. He said that with the crowd we had with us we would certainly find the one *tigre*, and probably some other *tigres*, too.

A barranca is a canyon through which a stream runs in the rainy season. This barranca was sheer-sided and about 500 feet deep, and the trail down into it was no trail for a low-country man or a low-country horse. It was a mere trace that ran along dizzy ledges, skirted perilous points, and traversed shale slopes that looked as if they were set on a hair trigger, ready to thunder down at a touch. When we reached the rim, Tony Morales and I went back along the line of riders and pack animals and told everyone to tighten their cinches and straighten all packs that needed straightening. George had dismounted and was leaning against Maize Azul's hip, trying to roll a cornhusk cigaret. He remarked sorrowfully that he had used up one packet of husks and a sack of tobacco, but hadn't yet achieved a smokeable cigaret. I reminded him again, before going back to the head of the train, to smooth his saddle blanket and tighten the cinch.

Part way down, as Tony Morales and I were anxiously watching the line of packs, I noticed there was something odd about Maize Azul's gait. He was so far back in the train, however, that I couldn't tell what it was. He had his head down, and was placing his feet with extraordinary care. If a horse can look worried, that was the way he looked. He was moving so slowly and deliberately that he had caused a gap in the train. George apparently hadn't noticed anything out of the way. He had the braided rawhide reins under his leg, and was still trying to manufacture a cornhusk cigaret. So I concluded, after watching the horse a few minutes, that perhaps I had only imagined something was wrong.

We continued on another quarter of an hour without incident, then, suddenly, Tony Morales whistled softly to attract my attention. He was pointing down to the barranca floor.

"*Tigre!*" he said.

I heard the word run back along the packtrain.

The great cat stood on a strip of sun-drenched gravel wash between a pear

thicket and a heap of tumbled boulders, about 200 yards distant. He was a *tigre grande*, one of the beautiful heavy, lightning-fast *tigres* you find hack in these giant peaks. He stood looking up at us, motionless except for the slow switching of his tail. With my binoculars I saw that his coat was heavy and that its black and white markings were clear and bold. You hate to see a mountain *tigre* to appreciate the breed. They are as different from the scanty-coated lowland jaguars as a wild Bengal is from a mangy circus tiger. This one was magnificent, such an animal as trophy hunters dream about.

George had slid his rifle out of the saddle boot. It was a bad place for shooting. Some of the horses were gunshy, and there was no telling what they might do. Tony Morales looked at me, shrugged, and held up his hand to show me that he had his fingers crossed. George lined his sights, and with the muzzle of his rifle within ten inches of Maize Azul's ear, pulled. The skewbald stood like a rock. I heard the open-point bullet strike. The *tigre* reared to its full height, fell backwards, and rolled into the pear thicket. I put my binoculars on it and saw that it was finished. We started the packtrain moving at once.

Tony Morales and I reined aside when we reached the barranca floor, letting the train file past. As Maize Azul stepped gingerly down the last incline, we suddenly saw the reason for the caution he had displayed. The saddle cinch was so loose I could have placed my fist between it and the horse's belly. George, busy trying to roll a cornhusk cigaret, had forgotten to tighten it. All the way down that fearsome trail poor Maize Azul had performed a balancing act to keep saddle and rider on his hack. His high withers and the narrow-forked Mexican hull had helped, but the fact that George was still on him was due chiefly to the skewbald's good sense and training. Any other horse in the string probably would have dumped George over the cliff, and been justified in doing so.

"It's my big day," George said, holding up a cornhusk cigaret. "I'm Lady Luck's boy friend. I've got a *tigre*, and I've learned to roll these things."

"Senor, I theenk you mus' be the lady's only hoy friend," Tony Morales said dryly as he stepped down to tighten the cinch.

If I had ever needed to be convinced that dude's are exempt from the normal workings of the laws of chance, a hunt I made in the Canadian Arctic with Tom Bartel would have convinced me.

We flew into the British Mountains to intercept a huge caribou migration moving through the Arctic mountains from Alaska to Canada.

We landed on a loon-pond in dismal tundra country, in the supposed neighborhood of an abandoned dugout cabin which an old prospector friend had invited us to

use as our headquarters. But when we studied the map he'd given us we found that, excellent as it was, with all the usual things maps have on them, we couldn't make the country match the map and hadn't the least idea where to find the cabin.

There we were with no decent shelter in miserable country. It snowed off and on every hour or so. But there were some old caribou signs so we stayed and spent three unpleasant days, sleeping on the ground, cooking over a primus stove. There was no timber, no natural shelter. Nothing but bleak, grey hills, grey moss, grey rocks and grey skies. Tom was sure we were somewhere near my friend's dugout cabin, but I couldn't follow his reasoning, which seemed to be mostly based on hunches and wishful interpretation of the map.

After three days we found no real fresh caribou signs. If we hadn't found any on the fourth day we'd have flown out, because we weren't having any fun.

But on the fourth day we had luck. As we slogged down the face of a point, with snow blowing around us, we found the tracks of a sizeable herd. The animals had been here within the past twenty minutes. Their droppings were still warm, and there was only a skiff of snow in their tracks. The herd had slanted obliquely down the side of the point toward the upper end of a short ravine through which a creek plunged. Since the animals weren't visible upstream or downstream, and no trails showed on the slope across the creek, I was reasonably certain they were in the ravine, probably seeking shelter there from the wind. The only practical way to give Tom a close-up chance at them, I decided, was to make a drive. I stationed him on the point about one hundred yards above the mouth of the ravine, and told him I would go to the upper end and haze the herd down past him.

I emphatically warned him not to leave his station. I didn't want him prowling around by himself. The task of finding a lost dude in this Never-Never land, with winter moving in from the Polar Rim, was one I wanted no part of.

I sighted the caribou on a mossy bar under a rimrock cliff, part way down the ravine. There were at least 500 of the animals, barren ground caribou, little dun-colored fellows with basket-type antlers. The bulls had striking white manes and capes and, as I looked them over with my binoculars, I saw several with first-rate heads. On the near side of the herd were two who had twin brew shovels, which automatically placed them in the trophy class. I was within eighty yards of the animals when a young bull saw me. He stood up on his hind legs, pawing the air, and snorted sharply. When he dropped back to all fours he squatted, spreading his legs, a curious trait of barren ground bulls when they have detected danger. Then he fled headlong down the ravine, with the suddenly alarmed herd pounding

after him. *At this point, Tom left his station!*

When I saw him he was running down the point, slipping and falling on the snowy moss, and getting up to slip and fall again. I ran after him. I was certain the caribou would see him and scatter all over the place. I told myself that dude-wrangling was the most onerous job in the world, and that anybody with the brains of an idiot could do better elsewhere.

At this juncture Tom disappeared. One moment he was running down the open slope, the next he was gone. He just wasn't there. The weird part of it was, there was nothing to hide him. No rocks, brush, grass or humps or hollows. While I was trying dazedly to figure out what had happened, the caribou burst out of the ravine. As they emerged into the open, the herd split, one group actually passing above the spot where Tom had vanished. Then a rifle blasted three times. The shots sounded as if they had come from somewhere in the herd. At the third shot, a white-maned bull with a grand set of antlers stumbled and went down hard on the moss. It seemed reasonable to suppose that Tom had been trampled and had fired a few defensive shots as his dying act. But I should have been able to see him or his remains on the bare, open slope.

"Tom!" I bawled. "Oh, Tom. Where are you?"

"I'm right over here, podnuh!" he replied conversationally. "Come on in."

He was standing in a doorway that opened into the hillside. He explained that he had left his station because for some reason he thought the stampeding herd was going to climb out of the ravine on the further side. His sudden disappearance, it developed, was due to the fact that he had fallen through the smoke-hole of my friend's dugout cabin. He had then simply opened the door and waited for the caribou to appear. He didn't seem to think there was anything especially unusual about it. And maybe, from his point of view, there wasn't. My prospector friend told us later that he had built the cabin here at the foot of the point because he had found gold in the ravine. He also said that if snow-clouds hadn't obscured the peaks we would have seen landmarks that would have enabled us to find the cabin without difficulty. But I still maintain that what had happened could have happened only to a dude.

Dudes cause a lot of headaches, they can be a pain in the neck, but they give the game ranges color, drama and excitement. Without them, the wilds would be pretty dull. And the guides would have to go back to digging post-holes and driving trucks for a living. Personally, I am in favor of dudes. I wish I were a dude myself. In fact, next year I am going to save up some money, go to some distant dude ranch where nobody knows me, and. . .

THE END

HOW I STEPPED *into a* Big Pay HOTEL JOB!

Ivor Billberg Electric Company Employee, Becomes Traveling Manager of Hotel Chain Though Without Previous Hotel Experience.



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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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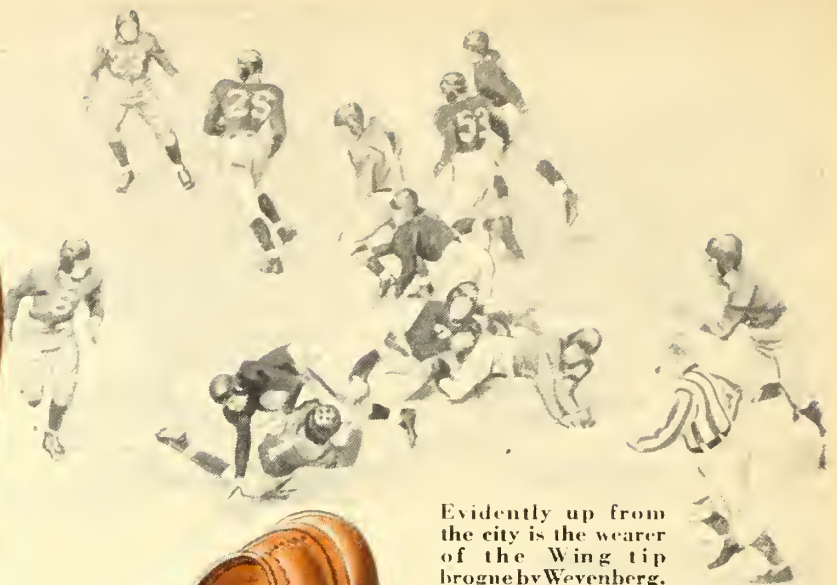
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FREE BOOKLET

Borrowing a title from the British for this tan half brogue, Douglas calls it the Buckingham.



Evidently up from the city is the wearer of the Wing tip brogue by Weyenberg.



Macaw Brown Moccasin Klomp is the awesome tag on this Winthrop sports shoe.



Fit for your Feet

One of America's best dressed men steps into the shoes of Fashion Editor of The American Legion Magazine, and, logically, discusses footwear

by **ADOLPHE MENJOU**

IN taking over this department of fashions for men, I want to make two things clear. One is that I am not advocating any particular company products. That's none of my concern. I'm not a clothing salesman. I shall concern myself with tastes rather than trade-marks. The other is that I do not entertain any ideas of turning American Legionnaires into fashion plates. I shall simply point out factors to follow in being well groomed.

I believe all will agree that appearance is important. In seeking a job, the first impression is the visual impression. In selling a product, confidence can be instilled in the product if the salesman presents a good appearance. So, as one veteran to another, let's look into our appearance. This month the subject is shoes.

Buy good shoes even if it means you must buy fewer ones and buy them less often. They'll fit better, last longer, and prove to be less expensive in the long run.

Because my shoes are good, I haven't had to buy more than four pairs in the last ten years.

Of course you must take good care of them. To keep them in good shape, use trees. If you can't afford trees, stuff the shoes well with paper when they are not in use. Smart shoes and comfortable shoes are those that keep their shape.

Keep them clean, well shined and in good repair.

Cleaning and shining takes only a few minutes and involves a very few inexpensive tools and materials. In my case, with so many shoes required in my profession, I engage a service run by a group of colored veterans. They come to my home once each week, clean and shine my shoes, being paid by the pair, the price depending upon whether the shoes are solid colors, two-tone, leather, suede, etc.

How many pairs should you have? Let your income be your guide. If you can afford a wide assortment, fine. If your income will permit only a few pair, then settle for four which, I believe, is the minimum for any man. I put the minimum at four because, for proper foot and shoe care, one should not wear the same shoes each day. Too frequent wearing will wreck the shoes and tire the feet.

Style is dependent upon climate and usage. In California, for instance, where it is warm, low shoes...oxfords...are in order. In cold localities a high shoe may be practical. As to usage, much depends upon the nature of your activities. It naturally follows that one who walks much of the time needs a more sturdy shoe than one who works at a desk.

Finally, I find very few know how to tie their shoes. A knot should be horizontal...not vertical. With the standard tie, the bow invariably works around to a lop-sided or vertical position. The answer is simple. Just reverse the knot.

All people considered, I believe Clark Gable is the best shod of all men of my acquaintance. He is a big man and has a big foot. But his shoes are always correct in every detail, always in excellent repair, clean, and highly shined. The next time you see him in a picture (we are together in *The Hucksters*, which is now playing), notice his shoes. Other men who give good care to their footwear and which is so noticeable in their appearance, are Director Eddie Goulding, Walter Pidgeon, Writer Horace McCoy, Gene Markey, and Robert Taylor.

In summing up, remember that appearance is important and that shoes are as much a part of the "front" as any item of clothing. Fit the shoes to the feet; not the feet to the shoes. Let your income govern the number you buy, but never go below four. Use shoe trees or stuff them with paper. Learn to tie a correct knot. Keep the shoes clean, well shined and in good repair at all times. You'll look better, you'll feel correct and you'll be correct.

Next month I'll try to dig up a few Christmas gift suggestions.

*"Today in the National Guard...
WE'VE NEVER HAD
IT SO GOOD!"*

**Here's how
the National Guard
Helps You...**

**Pay ★ Education
Fellowship ★ Training
Sports ★ Leadership**

Write or visit your community's unit of the

NATIONAL GUARD
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Veterans who join the *new* National Guard receive countless benefits of training and leadership that serve them well in every phase of business life. They find the opportunity to study and learn the things that mean a better civilian job.

But even more important, they are making their future — and that of America — secure. They are help-

ing to write tomorrow's American History — today.

You can earn from \$1.25 per hour up for training in your spare time, enjoy modern athletic facilities. Veterans can probably obtain the rank held upon discharge. And now, young men 17 years old may join the National Guard.

Listen to "On Stage America" starring Paul Whiteman, every Monday, 8 P.M., EST, ABC network. . . and "First Call" with Martin Block and Ray Bloch, every Thursday, 9:30 P.M., EST, Mutual network.

Parting Shots

He Didn't Sell Himself

In Columbia, Mo., a young man applied at the Veterans' Administration for a new GI insurance policy.

"How long were you in the Army, bud?" Hamilton Holt, supervisor, asked him.

"Three years."

"Then do you mind telling we how you avoided the high pressure drives to take out insurance during that time?"

"That was easy," said the applicant. "I was the insurance officer."—By *Harold Helfer*

Short Retorts

A Salinas, Kansas, social worker wrote in her notebook: "Couple breaking up home. Friends helping."

In Fort Worth, Texas, a housewife called police headquarters to find out if her husband was in jail again. He was. "Well, tell him to stay there," she said. "I just rented out his room."

The Bristol, Tennessee, chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous reported that the town bootlegger had sworn off the hard stuff. "From now on," the bootlegger avowed, "I'm just going to sell it."

"I'm very sorry," a man in Atlantic City, N. J., remarked. "You're the wrong man." The apology came after the character had stepped out of the darkness and had knifed "the wrong man" three times.—By *Stanley G. Grayovski*

Ode to a Dummy

I'll never learn the reason why
The hand is quicker than the eye,
Or dummies wear, with dash and style,
The suits that miss me by a mile.

—By *A. A. Lattimer*

Nice People

One day on Guadalcanal, back in 1943, one of the members of my outfit, the 37th Seabees, became engaged in a conversation with an elderly native. In asking about the merits of various nationalities which had held the island, the Seabee got this statement from him:

"First, British come. They pretty good. Then Japs come; British go. Japs very no good. Marines and Seabees come; Japs go. Marines and Seabees O.K. Then Americans come—I like."—By *W. Ralph Dilling*

Safety Note

Keep up with the Jones's
If you will,
But don't try to pass 'em
On a hill.

—By *Leo J. Burke*

The Forgetful Private

Private Jackson was on the carpet for the third time in as many days. The captain was very stern. "Did you call the sergeant a liar?" he demanded.

"I did, sir," admitted Jackson.

"And a louse?"

"Yes, sir."

"And did you also say he was a cock-eyed, knock-kneed, dirty-tongued stooge?"

Jackson hesitated, then said very regretfully, "No, sir. I forgot that."—By *Stanley J. Meyer*

It Did Though

During the war I was a clerk in a warehouse in the local shipyard. Among my assistants was an old, gray-haired negro whom I remember especially for his quaint observations.

One afternoon, during a big Russian drive, old Ben, after laboriously studying the headlines in the morning paper, came to my desk.

"Miss Deming," he said, a puzzled look on his black face, "de way dem Russians—*is killin' off dem Germans—ah jes' doan see how dis wah can last—fur de duration!*"—By *Dora Jane Deming*

Theirs Not to Think or Know

If suddenly Joe Stalin to religion 'came converted,
Instantly would Commies cry, a whit not disconcerted,
"Reactionary atheism's purely bourgeois fare,"
And Glory Hallelujahs would resound around Red Square.

—By *Kenny Preston*

Super-Salesmen

There's no question about it: The Army's recruiters know their stuff these days. Want proof?

1. Jacob Keyser, an insurance salesman, called on William Newhouse, Bellaire, O., Army recruiter, to sell him a policy. Instead, Newhouse sold Keyser a three-year hitch in the Army.

2. Hitchhiking from Mankato to Fairmont, Minn., Recruiting Sergeant Louis J. Sikorsky was picked up by Motorist Elmer Hofmeister. When they arrived in Fairmont, Sergeant Sikorsky had Hofmeister signed up for a three-year enlistment.

3. At Rapid City, S. D., Sergeant James Lessman saw a store window he thought would make a good setting for his recruiting display. Lessman talked to Donald R. Bortle, a salesman in the store, about it. Bortle agreed to the display—also to a three-year hitch in the Army.—By *George Hardy*

Listen Here

Though women have been known to tell
Secrets with sublime elation,
They can keep a secret very well—
In circulation!

—By *Thomas Usk*



I may be one but don't call me one!

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



True to Tradition

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"Those were the days," says Ned, "when I smoked whatever brand I could get. Naturally, I compared. I found by experience that no other cigarette suits my 'T-Zone' like a Camel!" Millions had that same experience. With smoker after smoker who tried and compared, Camels are the "choice of experience."

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MORE DOCTORS SMOKE **CAMELS** *than any other cigarette*

When 113,597 doctors were asked by three leading independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!



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